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OCTOBER 16, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, October 16, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

Peter North

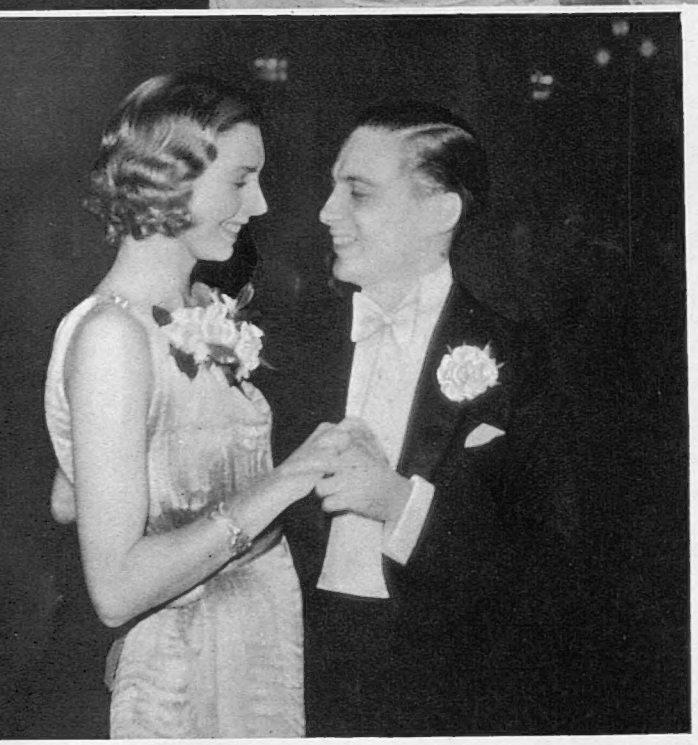
The Lady Bridget Parsons

A portrait of the Earl of Rosse's lovely sister which is in Peter North's 1934 exhibition of selected photographs; he calls the exhibition "Significant Portraits." It is being held at his studio in Old Burlington Street, and opens with a private view on October 23rd, from noon until six o'clock. Other portraits from the exhibition will appear next week

Sasha

Opening Night at the Carlton

Above : Captain John Drury-Lowe, Mrs. Caldicott and Captain Tommy Graves at the first of the Carlton's special Tuesday nights, for which a good crowd turned out



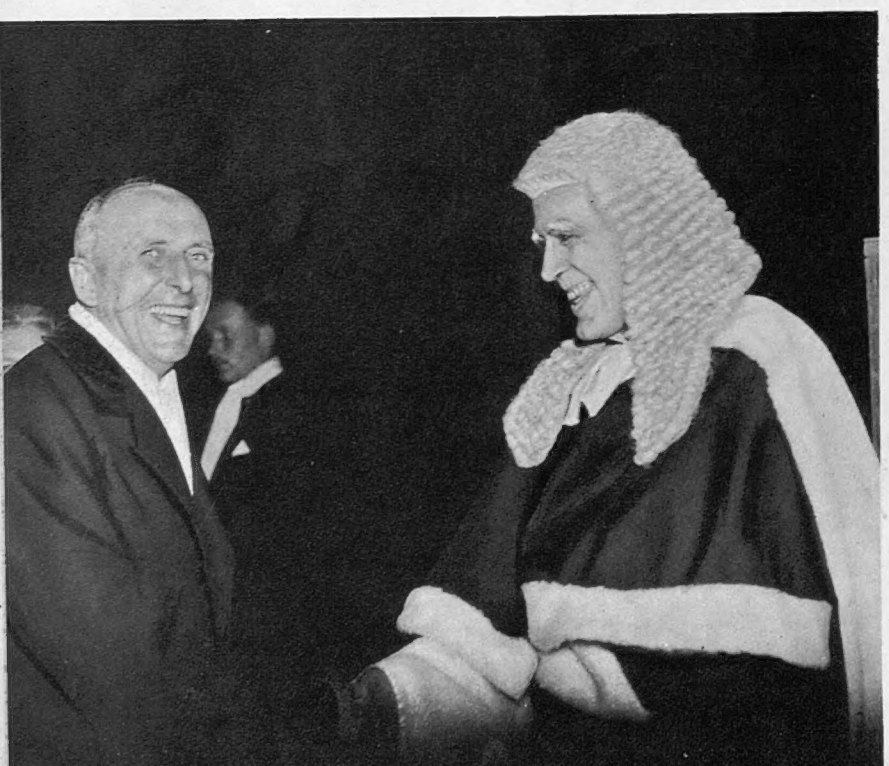
Sasha

Left : the attractive Mrs. Hart-Davis dancing with Lord Poulett at the Carlton on the same night. The Poulett family had a big supper-party there

Married Last Week

Mr. Alec Mitchell and the Hon. Rosemary Balfour, Lord and Lady Kinross's second daughter, before their wedding, which took place on Friday, at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Mr. Mitchell, who is the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, of Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth, and Monksford, St. Boswalls, is a well-known athlete. His speciality is high-jumping, for which he got a Blue at Oxford, and has been Scottish champion twice

ROUND ABOUT . . .



Left : Mr. Justice du Parcq congratulating Alastair Sim on his performance as the Judge in Sydney Box's "Murder Trial," which follows the Pirandello play at the Little

Rt. : Baronne Franck, a Russian who lives in Paris, and Mrs. Philip Kindersley in the paddock at Longchamp. The latter was wearing a black satin suit and silver foxes

Swaebe

The Prix de l'Arc

A Cup for an Air Race

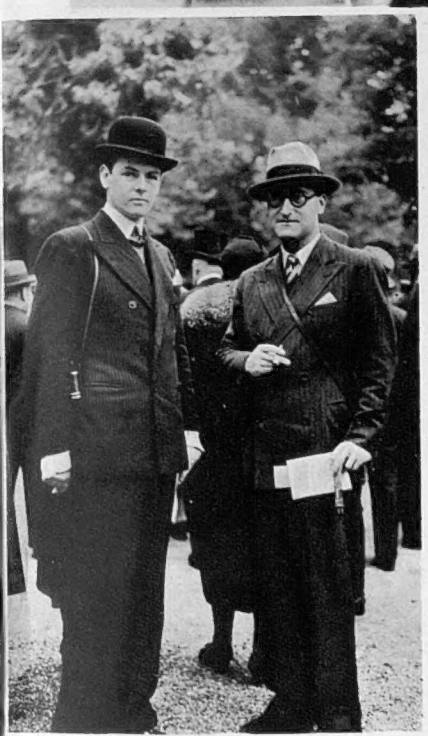
Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart being presented with his cup, after winning the London to Cardiff air race, by Mrs. Charles Keen, the wife of the Vice-Chairman of the Cardiff Aeroplane Club. Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart is the Earl of Bute's fourth son, and is twenty-one this year

Scope for an Autogiro

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce in the cockpit of the autogiro she has bought, which she is learning to fly at Hanworth. She has just started a commercial air service operating from Croydon

Americans in Paris

Above: Miss Eleanor Mullally and Miss Lucille Forman (in the leopard coat), outside the Ritz in Paris. They are coming over to the Dorchester in a week or two, to do a bit of the Little Season in London



Triomphe at Longchamp

Left: Mr. Cecil Latta, who flew over to Paris for the Longchamp meeting is with M. Max de Vaucoubeil, a French film magnate, who is often in London. The big race was won by the unbeaten Rothschild horse, Brantôme

Swaebe

Below: Miss Mala Brand and Lord Chichester were at the Café de Paris together when they were photographed. Lord Chichester is one of the most confirmed regulars there at the moment

Above: Sheriff J. S. Pearce, Alderman and Sheriff Twyford, Mr. C. M. Woolf, Deputy Chairman of Gaumont-British, Acting Lord Mayor Sir Kynaston Studd and Lady Studd, and Mr. Arthur Jarrett. The Acting Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were to have met Prince George when he arrived at the cinema, but owing to the amazing traffic blocks in the Strand, they were held up until after the film started

Right: Miss Peggy Gordon Moore and Miss Lee Dixon were two of the Mayfair and film-star band of programme-sellers

Film Faces

At the "Jew Süss" Première

Below are two more of the programme-sellers, Miss Diana Mills and Miss Pamela Kingsmill. The programmes brought in over £130 for the Lord Mayor's Gresford Colliery Fund, in aid of which the première was held

Above: Mr. Victor Saville, the film director, talking to Lord Lee of Fareham, who is Vice-President of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation

Right: Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who is a frequent film first-nighter, was at the crowded "Jew Süss" première with his daughter, Princess Wiasemsky

Photographs by Sasha

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 72.

J. B. Priestley

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

JOHN BOYNTON PRIESTLEY makes between twenty and thirty thousand a year. He has a Yorkshire accent of which he is proud ("nearly all great men have provincial voices"), a long upper lip worthy of an Irish comedian, a thick-set, slow-moving body, and an immense capacity for work and pipe-smoking. He also has a wife and six children, a house next door to Gladys Cooper's on Hampstead Heath (it used to belong to Samuel Coleridge), and a passion for typewriters, of which he has half a dozen. The son of a Bradford schoolmaster, he joined the First Hundred Thousand, serving with the Duke of Wellingtons and the Devonshires, won a commission, and came up to Cambridge just after the war. From then onwards his career can be divided neatly into three slices, that of the essayist, the novelist, and the dramatist. *Brief Diversion*, in 1922, was his first effort. He wrote others, acted as a book critic, and looked as though he would be another of those £1100-a-year men for the rest of his life. Then came *The Good Companions*, of which over half a million copies were sold. This did not really surprise the author. He felt entitled to it. So he was. There was hardly an anthology in which he was not already represented before this huge success. He had won and lost almost every kind of public in the country. To-day he is joint-lessee of the Duchess Theatre, and has written high-brow successes, sentimental ones, like *Sing As We Go*, and solid ones, like *Laburnum Grove*. At the moment he is busy on a sheer slapstick show for Basil Dean.

PRIESTLEY hates starting on a new play or novel, but gathers momentum as it proceeds. He has a curious gift—aural imagination. When he is writing dialogue, he says, he can hear the voices of the characters. And he never forgets a voice. Which is just as well when he is writing a 250,000-word novel. Yet he never works more than four days a week, and finds that from tea to dinner time is the best for writing. He believes that if you are going to write a play you ought to write it within three weeks. Reactionaries infuriate him but, though he never looks good-tempered, he does not deserve his reputation for pugnacity. Aged forty, he likes violent exercise, Sibelius, wrist-watches, Hugh Walpole and Robert and Sylvia Lynd—altogether a curious chap, rather lonely, rather house-proud, and, I fancy, quite ready to be personally popular, if he only knew how to set about it.

A hand-coloured print of a meeting at Newmarket about a hundred years ago, drawn and engraved by James Pollard, and reproduced here by permission of Fores, of Piccadilly

Newmarket and the Jockey Club

By Quintin Gilbey

THE visitor to Newmarket must inevitably be struck by the seriousness of the proceedings. A quiet dignity pervades, and while at other meetings you find irresponsible people talking lightheartedly about other things, at Newmarket you find only those who have dedicated their lives to the further glory of the thoroughbred racehorse.

WHEN I first became a racing journalist, my Editor remarked, "You can be as funny as you like about any other racecourse, but not Newmarket. Jokes about Newmarket are in the worst possible taste." And he was right.

IT is impossible to be at Newmarket for more than five minutes without someone mentioning, in all reverence, the hallowed words, "Jockey Club." But except that he knows that this august body can warn him off Newmarket Heath if he doesn't behave himself, the man in the street is woefully ignorant of what is certainly the most famous club in the world.

SEVENTEEN-FIFTY is the generally-accepted date as the birth of the Jockey Club, and although within a very short time of its inauguration it had taken on the self-imposed task of governing the Turf, its original purpose was to have a good time at Newmarket by enabling its members to hold their own against the rabble which existed there. A further object was to win anyone else's money by breeding the best horses in the world.

WE find, however, that these noble gentlemen, although they were not originally inspired with very lofty motives, soon improved both the thoroughbred and the general prosperity of the Turf, and in due course it was only right that they should assume the extraordinary powers which remain theirs to the present day.

FROM that day no better or more fair-minded Governors of the Turf could possibly be desired, and from 1753 to the present day its members have kept continually in the front rank as owners and breeders, which is exactly what should be required of the members of the governing body.

THE present Stewards of the Jockey Club are Mr. G. D. Smith, the Hon. Thomas Egerton, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford; while Lord Lonsdale, Lord Rosebery, Lord Harewood, Lord Zetland, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Hamilton of Dalziel are all available for re-election as Stewards, so the tradition of 1753 looks to be in capable hands. Furthermore, two of the youngest members, in the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Durham, should make excellent Stewards.

NOW that you know a little of the tradition of the Jockey Club, we will assume that it is October 1934, and we are seated in that vast stand lately erected for us by a Jockey Club which recognises the needs of the public (it was not till the middle of the last century that Newmarket had any stands at all), and you are looking down the Rowley Mile, named after "Old Rowley," the nickname of Charles II., who raced there in the bad old days before the existence of the Jockey Club.

YOU will immediately be struck by the somewhat peculiar lay-out of the

King George I. a

This was printed in colour from the picture painted in 1722 by Peter Tillemans, an beside him is the Earl of Portmore, Master of the Horse, and behind is the Duke On the right is the King's string of horses, led by Flying Childers. In the middl

course, and to the lay mind it certainly appears as if the Jockey Club, revelling in their autocracy, had determined that the public should see as little as possible of what is going on. Five out of six races are run on an absolutely straight course, and the early part of the sixth takes place out of sight, behind a Roman structure known as the "Ditch."

It is in the Cesarewitch, however, that this "racing in camera" is carried to its greatest length. The start takes place 2¼ miles away, behind the Ditch, and for over 1¼ miles the field is out of sight; then, for a further six furlongs, they are all in a bunch, heading straight for you, and it is almost impossible to pick out t'other from which.

THE last two furlongs may be great fun, but by that time one's horse is usually hopelessly beaten, and one has little further interest. Yet this race is the one handicap the British public will flock to see in its thousands. Truly we are a strange people!

To the casual visitor the greatest thrill of the day consists in those races which finish down the course. Naturally, he can't see anything of the race, but he *can* see the Stewards of the Jockey Club—Mr. G. D. Smith, the Hon. Thomas Egerton, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford—driving down to the winning-post in that glorious relic of the last century—the Jockey Club brougham.

ON arrival, they crawl out and mount laboriously to its roof. A 70,000-ton ship is launched in the Clyde; an aeroplane flight across the Atlantic excites no comment; while motor-cars cruise at eighty miles an hour; but the Stewards of the Jockey Club still watch the races from the roof of a hundred-years-old brougham.

YOU may not like Newmarket as a course, and you may wonder—as I have done—why they don't make the best round course there the world has ever seen. You cannot help, however, admiring the wonderful turf, both on the race-course itself and on the gallops on which the horses are exercised.

AN American once asked one of the Heath men how he could make his gallops in America like those at Newmarket, to which the Heath man replied: "That 's easy. First you rake and then you roll, and then you roll and then you rake, and if you go on doing that for two hundred years, you 'll have gallops like Newmarket."

WE now come to the man who is responsible for the upkeep of the course and gallops, and for the maintenance of discipline among the denizens of the city of Newmarket—his name is Marriott, Clerk of the Course, appointed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

Mr. C. W. Marriott

The uncrowned king of Newmarket, Clerk of the Course appointed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. "Because of his indifference to his fellow-creatures, rather than in spite of it, he is a magnificent Clerk of the Course"

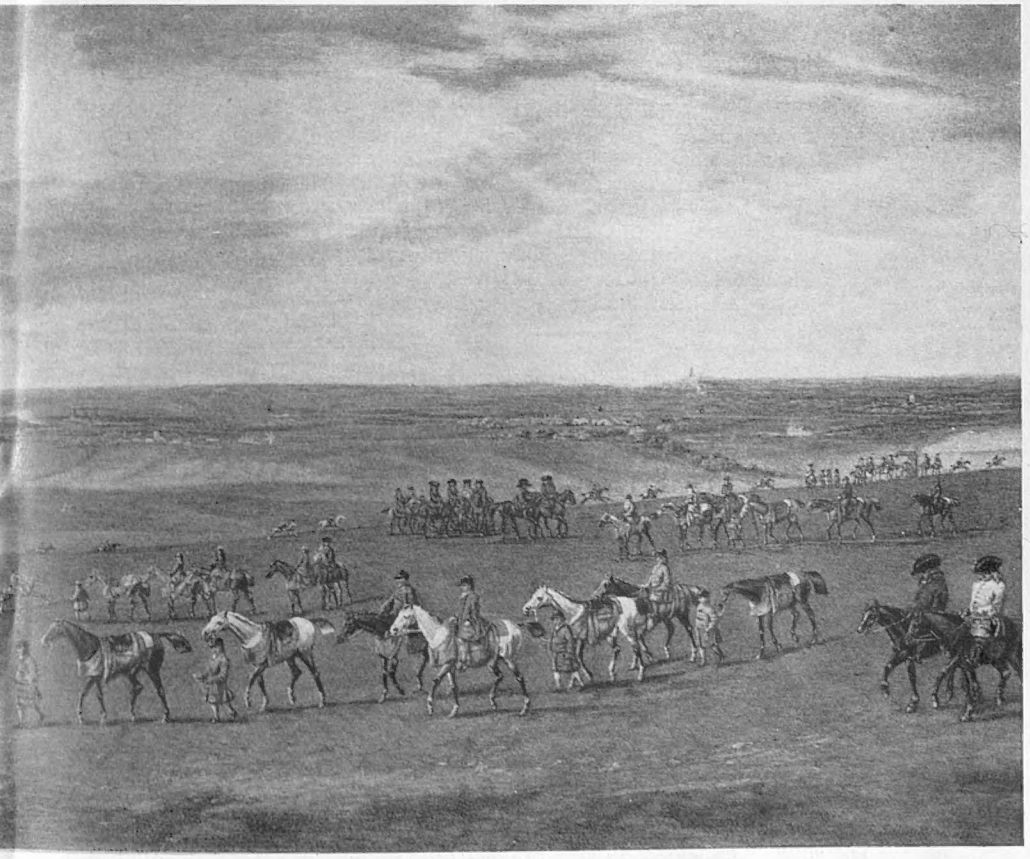
Now, if Mr. Marriott was one of those "What 's-yours ?-I 'm-in-the-chair.-Same again-all-round-Miss" kind of men, I have no doubt he would be very popular with the jockeys and trainers of Newmarket. Similarly, if his coat-pocket was fairly bursting with free lunch tickets for Pressmen, I and my colleagues would write of him as "the genial Clerk of the Course."

THE jockeys and trainers of Newmarket need never have another gin and Italian for all Mr. Marriott cares, while the Pressmen could faint for hunger and he wouldn't mind a bit; and because of his indifference to his fellow-creatures rather than in spite of it, he is a magnificent Clerk of the Course.

REALLY to appreciate Newmarket you should be up one morning about 7.30, when there has been a shower of rain, and Mr. Marriott has seen fit to close that famous gallop known as the Lime-kilns. The trainers run round in circles, barking like dogs. "You wait till I see Marriott. I 'll tell him something!" But the trainer who has ever told Marriott anything has not yet been born.

As a visitor to Newmarket, I invariably enjoy myself. Newmarket hospitality is world-famous, but the milk of loving-kindness does not flow unchecked over the many social barriers which abound in this amazing town.

THE cold east wind sweeping over the Heath brings disordered livers and acidity in its train, and these two complaints are the father and mother of a biting tongue. I love Newmarket—but in small doses.



Newmarket, 1722

eproduced by Fores, of Piccadilly. George I. is in the foreground in a white coat; Devonshire. To the left of and behind the group of noblemen is the King's Bodyguard. listance on the left is Newmarket Town, and on the skyline (right) is Ely Cathedral

"It's an old Spanish Custom!" Above: Tommy Turtle (Leslie Henson) does a little wife-snatching. The willing victim is Juliet Pierce (Heather Thatcher). Centre: Tommy Turtle (Leslie Henson) as a bold, bad "Rooshian." Right: A couple of flowers, one rather withered. Mrs. Flower (Sydney Fairbrother) and her daughter, Geraldine (Adèle Dixon), who help provide the fun in "Lucky Break"

Love's awakening. He of the Greek profile is Paul Turpin (David Hutcheson), and the blonde bombshell is Jessie James (June Clyde), an American actress of charm

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Mirth and Music

"Lucky Break" (Strand Theatre)

WRITING of musical comedies last week, I recalled occasions when I was only too thankful that a plot was lost sight of, but I never thought I should so soon see a musical comedy in which the plot hardly started at all. *Lucky Break*, at the Strand Theatre, however, is that sort of show, which is the more surprising in that, I believe, it has been adapted from an American play by Douglas Furber. If this is so I must congratulate the Yankee author on an astounding bit of luck, for in the process of Anglicising I doubt if much was left of the original work.

Reliance has been placed on wise-cracks of the Furber brand, plus that little something extra, provided by Leslie Henson, which others haven't got, and a production which is as inventive as it is possible to imagine. There isn't a chair, an ornament, a picture, or cabinet—to say nothing of a vanishing bed—which is not called in aid to add to laughter, which is incessant throughout the entire evening.

In this case, I was glad no plot had to be elucidated, for it gives Leslie Henson the chance of playing the fool incessantly, and I know no actor living who is so capable of doing it with a really devastating effect upon an audience.

I THINK Henson's greatest asset, apart from that marvellous india-rubber face of his, which can express every emotion under the sun, is the air of spontaneity with which he acts. You could swear that the line he has just said has never been spoken by him before, and very often it hasn't been, if one judges the effect not only on the audience but on the other performers on the stage, who are sometimes quite unable to proceed with their parts.

But though the show is, in the main, Hensonian, there is an excellent cast to lend him the necessary support, and what little they have to do they do with all their might. Adèle Dixon, Heather Thatcher, David Hutcheson, and June Clyde, among others, all seem to enjoy putting over this spot o' fun and imparting enjoyment to others. The sinuous and lofty Phyllis Stanley puts dancing on the mat, while Richard Hearne chooses not only the mat, but carpet, stairs, and boards on which to indulge in amazing acrobatics, which are as amusing as they are marvellous. He looks as if he might easily kill himself twice nightly.

Lucky Break is one of London's loudest laughs.

"Hi-Diddle Diddle!" (Comedy Theatre)

YET another musical show! A short time ago and there were very few staged in London, but "thick and fast they came at last, and more and more and more" ever since the oyster season started. The one now under review is a revue for which André Charlot holds himself responsible, and it has departed in no respect from the accepted pattern. William Walker and Robert Nesbitt are billed as the makers thereof, but diligent search on the programme reveals that a large number of authors, composers, and lyric-writers have been called in aid.

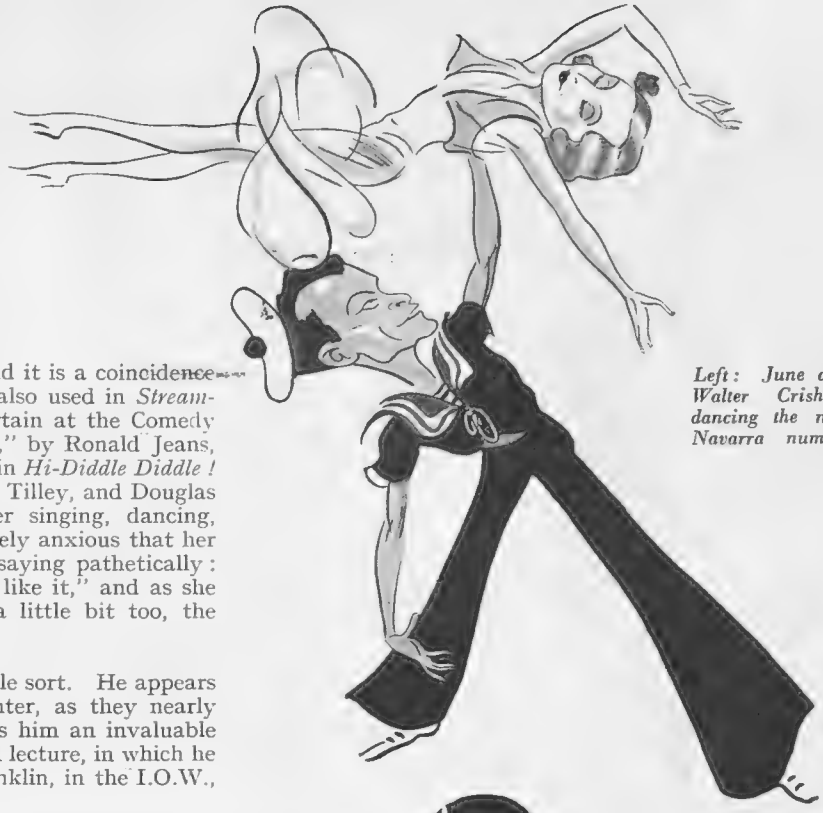
WITH one exception, the sketches are not the best and brightest part of the show, and it is a coincidence that this exception is based on an idea which is also used in *Streamline*. In fairness, it must be added that the curtain at the Comedy of "Medical Advice," by Will Scott, has "Advice," by Ronald Jeans, at the Palace, beaten to a frazzle. The principals in *Hi-Diddle Diddle!* are well contrasted, for the methods of June, John Tilley, and Douglas Byng are as the poles asunder. June, whether singing, dancing, or acting, always strikes me as if she were extremely anxious that her efforts should be appreciated. She seems to be saying pathetically: "I 'm doing my best, and I *do* so hope you will like it," and as she dances nicely, sings prettily, and can act just a little bit too, the public do.

JOHN TILLEY is a comedian of the quiet and subtle sort. He appears genuinely puzzled if his remarks cause laughter, as they nearly always do, and his keen sense of character makes him an invaluable member of a revue company. His illustrated travel lecture, in which he begs us to differentiate between Shenghai and Shenklin, in the I.O.W., is a gem.

As for Douglas Byng, he is as happy on the stage as he is in cabaret, though, thanks to the censorship, not always quite so frank. Still, those with minds not completely unsullied can have no difficulty in realising now and then that an interpretation can be put upon his words which, I am sure, the singer himself would scout with indignation. Quite his best song in this revue is, however, a short but acid piece of satire, and "Miss Otis Regrets," with its good tune and clever lyric, will soon be the talk—and the song—of the town.

AMONG others in a bright revue who do yeoman service are Edward Cooper, and Doris Hare, while young Mr. John Buckmaster reveals hereditary talent and has well learnt the lesson that the first essential on the stage is that one should be heard.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.



Left: June and Walter Crisham dancing the nice Navarra number

Above: Edward Cooper who acts as Compère to all the sketches

Restoration Comedy, introducing Sweet Nell of Old Drury (Douglas Byng) and that stage-door pest, the Merry Monarch (John Tilley), in "Hi-Diddle Diddle!"

Sketches by Rouson

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 16.

LONDON ICE CLUB

By Charles Graves

At the Skaters' Cocktail Bar

Miss Dorothy Fane, Mr. P. D. Richardson, a skating authority and author of "Modern Figure Skating," Miss Peel, Mrs. Richardson, Major Hutchison and, with his back to the camera, Mr. Gerald Mitchell, the secretary of the Club

IN these days of long skirts the London Ice Club is now the only place in the West End where you can see a pretty leg. And, for some reason, they look prettier still in those high boots and short, gaudy, pleated ballet skirts which are now the recognised kit for skating. For the Park Lane Ice Club has become an appendage of the banqueting department of Grosvenor House, and the next nearest rink is Wimbledon.

Since its foundation in 1927 by Stephen Courtauld, after a visit to Berlin, every single member of the Royal family has attended at least one of the three world's championships, seven British championships, and two international competitions held at the Club. Decorated in green and pinky-beige, it has an orchestra, an excellent restaurant, a good cellar, and two bars, one of them being on the ground floor, and, therefore, easily accessible to people even in their skating boots.

AMONG its thousand members are fifteen gold medallists, a very good record indeed. They are mostly girls, it is true, for men have not the time to devote to the real hard work that the gold medal involves. But it is a great tribute to the staff of twelve instructresses and instructors, the titular head of whom is Bernard Adams.

Bernard Adams has been there since the Club opened, and goes back to the good old days of Prince's before the war, when the Duchess of Bedford was the belle of the rink, and instructors were society pets, showered with jewelled cigarette-cases after every season.

To-day, the chief instructor is Howard Nicholson, that dark and brilliant American, who drives an enormous Cadillac and is credited with an income of over £2000 a year, earned from teaching, at the rate of ten shillings for twenty minutes, from October to April. He, like the other instructors, is dressed in black.

THE instructresses, who include Lady Katherine Manley, wear pillar-box red. When the idea was first mooted of putting them into this snappy uniform, a howl was raised by the elder members. But now every girl and woman is literally following suit, with the result that the club is a very passable imitation of the slashing rainbow colours you see at St. Moritz or any other Swiss resort. Lord Doneraile, the aged President of the National Skating Association, and Chairman of the Club, is a particularly violent champion of particularly violent colours on the ice.

AT the head of the members we must put Sir Samuel Hoare, who is on the committee of the Club; he is so keen about his skating that he asked to have the Club specially opened for him at half-past eight in the morning. This not being possible, he arrives as the doors open at ten a.m. He is a silver medallist, and is quite an expert at grape-vines. When he gives an exhibition, crowds watch him; he is not much of a jumper, but he does it a bit.

Another member of the committee is Hubert Martineau, a rubicund chap whom most of us know from the bobsleigh run at St. Moritz. In the summer he still runs a cricket team, but, for some reason, the Ice Club is the only place where he looks really happy.

PERHAPS it is because in their retirement they are still determined to prove that "Britain rules the waves," even if frozen, that you see so many Admirals skating here. Almost any afternoon you can observe Lord Jellicoe sailing majestically round the ice, with his wife and daughters, so to speak, "in tow," for

"Fine Bracing Weather"

One of the unique collection of old skating prints in the possession of the Ice Club, of which four are reproduced here

all the world like a flagship with an Admiral's escort. His brother-in-law, Admiral Sir Charles Madden, a typical sailor with his "Captain Kettle" beard, as well as Lady Madden and his daughters, also gives the ice what-for.

Another nautical member is Vice-Admiral Tritton Buller. There is also Lieut.-Commander Sir Hugh Dawson, tall and good-looking—a very good ice-dancer, and a big noise nowadays on the Milk Board.

GUINEVERE GR[illegible] débutante daughter of Sir Hamilton [illegible] and Lady [illegible] taking lessons from Ernst [illegible]. She seems to be taking well. You all know

[illegible]ub is Gweneth [illegible] enough to [illegible] cabaret at the [illegible]. She is blonde, [illegible]ls in train and [illegible] skating tu[illegible] Eileen Hartung [illegible]ch prettier than Miss [illegible]. She is the Evelyn Laye type, with a peach-like complexion and a perfect figure.

Among the gold medallists are Rosemary Stewart, who is a tiger at Axel Paulsons, little sixteen-year-old Pamela Prior, and Molly Phillips. Marcel Boulestin skates a good deal—possibly he finds it a good digestive after his own cooking. A very moderate performer is Sir Howard d'Egville, that Parliamentary know-all. He is always surrounded by Colonial notables, whom he brings as guests to the Club.

LIEUT.-COL. IVAN DAVSON is small and cheerful, as befits a bon viveur. He is often seen with Elinor Glyn, whose daughter married his brother—if you see what I mean. Another lover of good things is Courtney Sholto Douglas, who is so Scottish that he dances reels in his kilt, and is a partner in a famous wine firm. Lord Howe, who is an original member, has just resigned. No doubt he is too busy motoring to do much skating. The Dowager Lady Minto arrives at the Club to watch the championships wrapped in regal furs. Her interest in skating goes back to the days when her husband was Governor-General of Canada. Lord Dunmore is never off the ice except when he is lunching, which he does in the restaurant almost every day. By contrast, Lord Lytton has hardly skated at all since the tragic death of his son, Lord Knebworth.

I HAVE never seen Gordon Selfridge on the ice, but he is an original member. Lord and Lady Francis Hill also seldom skate, but they always show up at the galas—often with Gaspard Ponsonby, the brother of the Duchess of Westminster, with whom they often stay. Lady Rathcreedan, the mother of the present peer, occasionally descends on the club from her place at Henley. Mrs. Agar-Robartes is a very good skater who holds the silver medal, and often lunches with Mrs. Stephen Courtauld, who also holds it. Lady Jean Ramsay spends most of her time in Scotland, but usually looks in at the Club when in London. There is no doubt that Mr. Lawson-Johnston enjoys skating, and particularly dancing on the ice. You can see his enthusiasm in every curve of his short, plump figure.

THERE is no music in the morning—skating is far too serious for that. In the afternoon there is an orchestra, and people's faces are less grim, therefore. Many of the young people turn up at about cocktail time and skate until dinner. There is no ice-hockey. Members are too anxious to use the ice themselves to permit of this.

"Dutch steamers on the frozen Zuyder Zee"

From the set, "Sketches by Travellers," published by T. McLean, of 26, Haymarket, "where political and other caricatuers are daily Pub."

"Attitude! Attitude is every thing!"

From "Elements of Skateing," published in November 1805 by H. Humphrey, of St. James's. This amusing caricature is another of the set of prints lent by the Ice Club

"Skaiting—Dandies, Shewing Off"

The conversation on the print runs—"O Lord! how they are laughing at us!" "What are you at there? You'll pull my wig out of Buckle!" "'Pon honor, Sir, I beg pardon! You must thank the Ladies!"

The Passing Picture Show

A Fine British Film

By Sydney Tremayne

Rabbi Gabriel

Josef Süss Oppenheimer

This is the Jewish trio who, with Duke Karl Alexander (Frank Vosper), dominate the fine film that is now running at the Tivoli—first, Conrad Veidt as Jew Suss, a performance on the grand scale, at once deliberate, subtle, dignified and tragic; second, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, impressively patriarchal and sombre as the Jew's uncle, Rabbi Gabriel; and third, Paul Graetz, incomparably good as the half-comic, half-tragic Landauer

Landauer

"Jew Süss"

THE crowd in the main square of Württemberg to witness the gruesome martyrdom of the Jew, Süss, although numerically and vociferously consistent with the most expensive traditions of film history, was a mere sprinkling compared with the crowd in the Strand to spy out the royalty, nobility, mayoral notabilities, and film stars at the première of this important British film.

British? Or, should we say, with pride rather than cynicism, this cosmopolitan picture made in a British studio? The story is by Feuchtwanger, direction by Lothar Mendes, the chief star Conrad Veidt, art director Alfred Junge, editor Otto Ludwig, with a cast of distinguished English actors and actresses and other British collaborators, including Dorothy Farnum, who adapted the novel for the screen, and Graham Cutts, unit-production manager.

Jew Süss is a very elaborate and painstaking production; at times almost too painstaking, for a certain recognisably Teutonic deliberation seems to hold up the action and the drama. Although an almost indiscriminate admirer of Conrad Veidt, and while recognising his will to interpret the character of that ambitious, ruthless, and yet ultimately idealistic Jew, Josef Süss Oppenheimer, I do not find him entirely well cast. His physical domination (the long cloaks exaggerate his height) militates against the suggestion of stealth and subserviency which is so important a part in the characterisation and dramatic development. And the suggestion that he was, after all, not a Jew, when he is about to be martyred for Jewry, although subtle and suggestive in literature, pollutes the pictorial drama of the ending.

The Duke Karl Alexander, on whose martial shoulders Süss climbs to fame and power, to whom he sacrifices the honour of the girl he loves, and the life of his beloved daughter, is magnificently played by Frank Vosper. He is not an actor who has any personal appeal for me, but I consider that in the film *Jew Süss* he justifies every line of praise that the critics have bestowed upon him. Towered over by the great Veidt, shouted down, laughed out of court, he still remains the more important of the two figures. His death brilliantly avoids all the sentimentalism of histrionic tradition, and is a psychological and pathological study of admirable veracity.

That the politician and financier who made him falls with the subject of his exploitation is excellently realised. The feminine interest is subjugated to Feuchtwanger's original motive. Benita Hume has her best part as the wife of Karl Alexander, and plays it admirably. She makes Marie Auguste the perfection of silly femininity. She should always play comedy rôles. Joan Maude is disappointing as Magdalene Sibylle, possibly because the camera cannot capture her brilliant colouring and Nereid facial characteristics, and the part is minimised and stereotyped. Pamela Ostrer, as the Jew's daughter, Naemi, who "prefers death to dishonour," is a surprise. She produces a quietness, sincerity, and the inference of virginity necessary to the part, which have none of the stigma of amateurishness.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the Rabbi is altogether too static. He seems to be getting almost arthritic in his methods. Haidée Wright in an all too brief appearance as Süss's mother, is exquisitely finished, and dictionally delicious. Altogether a very distinguished and interesting film. It does not matter to me, but may be of public interest, that it cost £125,000 to make it.

"Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

IT may well be. The point of interest to cinema patrons is that Mr. Ronald Colman comes back, as suave, as sleek, as débonair as ever. What an attractive player! But what a silly film! Even for the fans of detective fiction, this picture cannot be satisfying. The plot, thin to the point of attenuation, is eked out with humour of anæmic complexion.

"Peculiar Penguins"

THE latest and (dare I say?) the best of Walt Disney's *Silly Symphonies*. The beau Penguin gives his lady-love an offering of an apparently innocent fish he has dived for; but the love-token has the unsuspected talent of blowing itself up, with most unpleasant digestive and figurative results to Miss Penguin, resulting in the temporary rupture of romance. The villain is a shark: decorative details include deliciously coloured little fishes: drama, romance, musical accompaniment, all irresistibly synchronised, and a heart-shaped, harmonious ending. Long live Walt Disney!

Famous Too Soon

Four Screen Children Who Are Growing Up In the Limelight

Right: the small girl who played in the film of "Treasure Island" as Jackie Cooper's opposite number

Below: most popular is Shirely Temple, 1934's child star. She has appeared in several films this year, her latest being "Now and Forever" with Gary Cooper

Cora Sue Collins

Baby Le Roy

The Paramount baby star in his latest beach fashions. He made his film début with Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story," early last year

Shirley Temple

Baby Jane

This serious-minded little mortal is a star in the Universal Studios; she is just three years old

D

Evelyn Dall

The platinum blonde singer of Grosvenor House

Right:

Mona Ransome

A brunette from Grosvenor House

Left:

Betty Sundmark

One of the original "Les Girls," now a Monte Carlo Folly

Right:

Joan Connors

Another of the sixteen Grosvenor House lovelies

Janet Jevons

Judy Malcolm

A brunette importation to the Dorchester

Louise de Forrest

A Show Girl in the Dorchester parade

"Les Girls"—Grosvenor or Dorchester?

Eight Beauties from the Monte Carlo and Midnight Follies

ON the left, Grosvenor House! On the right, the Dorchester! Four sparklers are offered from each of the cabaret constellations of Park Lane. Even the experts are bewildered by the extravagant display of blonde and brunette charms which takes place nightly when the Follies, Monte Carlo and Midnight, do their Broadway stuff. It 's the cult of the song-and-dance girl at its zenith; even Hollywood can't do better

Ruth Brande

A Dancing Girl in the Midnight Follies

Right:

Stella Bailey

Another of "Les Girls," Autumn Edition

Climbing the Ladder

Young Actresses Who are Mounting the Rungs

Sasha

Doris Hare

Doris Hare, seen on the left, is one of the bright spots in "Hi-Diddle-Diddle," the new revue at the Comedy. She takes part in quite a number of scenes, and reveals her versatility both in song and dance as well as character-acting

Diana Churchill (below), who will be remembered as playing in the revival of that famous old melodrama, "The Lights of London," at the Ambassadors Theatre and is now appearing in "Vintage Wine," at Daly's, and likely to remain there for some time as this Hicksian production has proved to have a most acceptable bouquet to the palate

Cannons of Hollywood

Emma Trechman

Emma Trechman, formerly an R.A.D.A. pupil, is now appearing in the big Cochran Palace success, "Streamline," and plays in two sketches as well as appearing as the Duchess of Richmond in the satire on Film history entitled "The Private Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," written by Ronald Jeans

Walter Bird

Diana Churchill

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

EVER since some sectarian fanatic or other accused President and Mrs. Roosevelt publicly of holding "an hilarious beer-drinking party" at the White House in "a stately hall piled with kegs of beer," from which the guests "drank to satiety"—he had to apologise for this flight of fancy—we have been remembering how we used to fool the sour-noses when we were Editor of the *Spectator*.

Once a week, on Thursday nights, we held an orgy in the marble entrance-hall of the *Spectator*. Champagne was thrown about in bucketfuls. Beautiful, petulant actresses darted hither and thither or swung from the chandeliers, casting burning glances all around. Half-naked Circassian dancing-girls, with luscious glances, whirled round the floor in the mad, voluptuous mazes of the dance, pursued by peers, stars of the Corps Diplomatique, aged members of the Athenæum, libidinous leader-writers, and ravening dons. Once we had a couple of Malay tigers in, and a lovely Arabian girl sword-swallower strangled them one after the other, laughing sibilantly. The invariable climax of the evening came when we and the editor of *Punch* seized all these exquisite creatures and flung them one by one into a huge bath of costly Parian marble, which was dragged into the hall (slightly to the left as you enter now) by Nubian slaves.

Everybody thought the bath contained water, but it didn't. It contained gin. That's how we fooled everybody, including the Fisheries Board. Pure gin, that's what it was, and when everybody had gone we drank the bath dry before setting up the next issue of the *Spectator*. Those care-free days!

Keep It Under Your Hat

WE got the gin idea from a glass of water on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons one Budget night, and we are still wondering if any Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever been told of this good trick—which is highly recommended, incidentally, by Harley Street specialists, especially those with distillery shares.

Old Uncle Chankly

WE peeked in the other evening at a Pirandello play, just to see if it was any different from other Pirandello plays, and it wasn't. Uncle Pirandello, who must be the old original Chankly Bore, has only one theme, and he just can't let it alone—the theory of multiple personalities. How true, and how not very interesting.

We ourselves are one of the most Pirandellish characters we have ever known. We are (for example) not only ourselves and five other people, but we exist in the mind of the Editor of the BYSTANDER as an entity which is often real only in the combined sublimated consciousness of the head-waiter of Quaglino's, a Miss "Bébé" Porter, or Potter, Fortnum and Mason, and a tall gentleman whose name we didn't catch, but he has a rimless eyeglass and belongs to an old Leicestershire family.

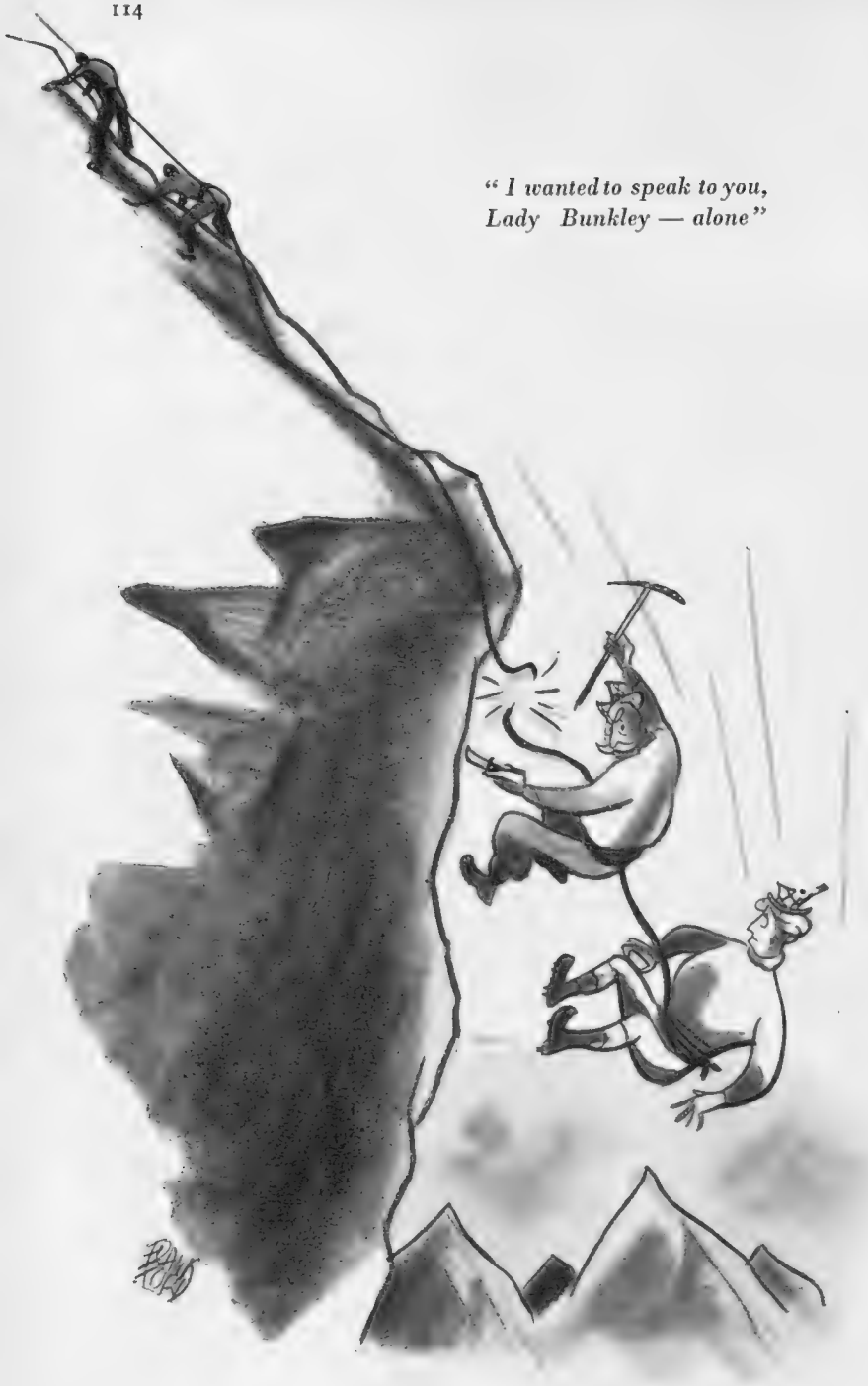
Further Explanation

THUS, although the Editor has implicit faith in us, he can never be sure whether any one of our six distinct "personal" personalities is at any given moment existing in itself or in the mind of any or all of these people, most of whom are in the same psychological tangle—especially the tall gentleman, who has a deaf aunt in Kensington with eight personalities of her own, and Guffin's Disease—and very moody about it. And to do the Editor justice, he doesn't care a damn one way or the other.

And So Home

THIS, incidentally, seems to us the most sensible "curtain" for almost any Pirandello play. The heroine says triumphantly, having fooled everybody through three long, long acts: "Who am I? To myself I am I!—but to you, to Signor Risotto, to Ugo, to Fifinella, to Madame Fiche, to the rest—what?" The hero says wearily: "I don't give a damn," neither does the audience, and the curtain falls at last

"Now let me *tell* you . . ."



"I wanted to speak to you, Lady Bunkley — alone"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 1.—E. Phillips Oppenheim

E. Phillips Oppenheim is not
The type of author to find room
For stories which contain a lot
Of morbid, introspective gloom.
His yarns have action by the ton,
They whizz along from start to close,
And you will find, when he has done,
No maudlin musings mar his prose,
For you 'll agree his every plot is
So strong it shakes your epiglottis.

Adventuresses suave and slim
Who dope some young Attaché's fizz
And steal State documents from him,
Or practise other dirty biz,
What time detectives bait the hook
By which they hope to circumvent
Some scoundrelly, slick super-crook
In his nefarious intent,
He makes so very real and sinister
That creepy feelings 'neath one's pinny stir.

Where life is high and deeds are low
His palpitating plots are laid,
On Côte d'Azur, 'midst Russia's snow,
In "gay Paree," his folk parade;
There villains who 're beyond the pale
Trap heroines both fair and pure,
And though we know Right MUST prevail
We somehow dare not feel too sure,
For there is nothing tame or sloppy
About the opus of our Oppie! B. W.

Return of the Natives

The return of the Parliamentary boys at the end of this month, bronzed, fit, rested, and recharged with enough wind to fill a couple of hundred columns of *Hansard* a week, reminds us that last session we thought we had discovered a way of coping with the Parliamentary news which was almost painless.

We had been reading about the Old Italian and French Comedy, and as we contemplated that procession of grotesques, the Doctor, the Captain Matamore, the Captain Fracasse, Turlupin, Colombina, Arlecchino, Pantaleone, Brighella, Scaramouche, Pulcinella, Gaultier Garguille, and the rest, it struck us that their quaint posturings and grimaces and gibberings were so much like the goings-on of our political hommes de salive that we might get relief by pretending to ourselves that the whole proceedings at Westminster are really a farce played, say, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in about 1634.

Well, we shut our eyes and persevered, but it was pretty uphill work. This session it may be easier, especially if Pantaleone has brought back a lot more unction and a few new gags about the future of the wur-r-uld from his Canadian tour. We shall soon know, heaven help us!

For a Good Boy

The little committee of obscure town councillors in Sweden who award the annual Nobel Peace Prize are said to be in a bit of a quandary again this year, not knowing to whom they can give it, except to Mr. Gandhi, who has nowhere to pin the medal or badge or whatever it is that goes with the cheque.

In our opinion they ought to give it, failing Mr. Gandhi, to the leading international nudist. If any group of eccentric boys and girls is working unbeknown towards peace, the nudists are, frightful though most of them look. You can't imagine a division of naked troops on the march. Nor can we. You can't picture a G.H.Q. full of naked Brass Hats. Nor can we. You can't work a machine-gun with nothing on. You 'd feel silly, somehow. As for us, we simply wouldn't know which way to look, we 'd be that self-conscious.

So (if a way can be found out of that old difficulty of pins) why not give the Nobel Prize to a nudist? They aren't much more cretinous than the other pacifist boys, anyway.

La Plume de Ma Tante

A keen observer in the *Sunday Times* has discovered that recent outbreaks of hysteria in Big Sport are dangerous to the cause of international amity. But we doubt it.

It seems to us that the emotionalism we get in modern sport—weeping boxers, swooning Test cricketers, lawn tennis stars kicking their rackets about in a frenzy, Channel swimmers biting the Mayor of Dover, yachtsmen fighting, great stout women wrestlers going effeminate and slapping people—it seems to us that all this emotionalism tends to bind the nations together, as it were, in a common bond of tender sympathy and good will. It makes us, personally, long to call on Mr. James Douglas and have a good cry with him about things in general; not a cry of bitterness or frustration, but a great big, warm, healing gush of tears which will make us better and nobler and more sincere and pure, like a Scottish politician.

In this, we think, we could count for support on the Germans, who weep continually and with ease, and, in fact, most of the Nordic races. The cynical and godless Latins would probably stand aloof for a time, but they would soon feel ashamed. "International Sportsmen's Aunts" we should call ourselves, and sportsmen of every kind would cry with us, sobbing away their little feuds and disappointments and getting a big, reassuring pat from Auntie James. You may say that we, personally, couldn't stand the emotional strain and would throw up. Very well, we 'd throw up, then.

Last Time, Gentlemen . . .

At an auction sale of objets de vertu in the West End recently we were greatly struck by the fastidious, cultured languor of the auctioneer, who fingered the hammer with

delicate, manicured hands, like a pre-Raphaelite cherishing a lily. His pale eyelids drooped, his voice was a weary murmur, and he thought very little of anybody on earth.

It was not so in the days of the great George Robins, who is mentioned so admiringly by Thackeray and Surtees. The Robins method seems to have been robust and rococo. We gather that his voice was rich and booming, that he spoke in rolling, florescent periods, and banged thunderously with his hammer, like Thor. Possibly he descended occasionally from the rostrum in a fury and knocked scores of recalcitrant Early Victorians silly. Perhaps, agonised by slow bidding, he wept . . .

On the whole, we rather prefer this older and stronger method to the present one. A bit of healthy discipline or terror in the auction-room does nobody any harm. We are thinking particularly of an old gentleman we used to know who had a passion for sales, and used to return to his swooning family brisk and chirpy, having acquired that day (for example) fifty blood mares and 2500 yards of butter-muslin and a cracked Queen Anne teapot and a house in Rutland Gate and twelve gross of assorted tap-washers and a grey African monkey and a Court photographer's developing outfit and a set of graduated ivory elephants and a presumed Rubens and fifty hundredweight of ground rice, slightly damaged, and a flute. All this could have been obviated by a gentle but firm tap on the skull from the auctioneer's hammer as the old gentleman entered the sale-rooms each day, skipping on his toes. His family eventually had to do it themselves with a Georgian bootjack.

Haro, Mon Prince!

A MAN who was once private chamberlain to a great Hollywood film actor told us a story the other day illustrating the clemency of these personages and their kindness towards the downtrodden masses.

During a public audience recently at Beverley Hills, a poor man who had murdered somebody by mistake rushed into the audience-chamber and fell on his knees, imploring protection. Touching him lightly on the shoulder, the film star, having heard his story, ordered him to be released, saying: "We are willingly indulgent towards the unfortunate who seek Our aid." The noble and dégagé air with which this was spoken, and the simple dignity with which the star

"How dare you, Sir—release me at once"

"You can't expect all of us to be beautiful"

dismissed the officers of the law (who at once released their prey), greatly impressed all who had the privilege of being present.

Exhibit A 156

We hereby warn all collectors of priggery to keep their smudgy fingers off the *Times* Madrid Correspondent. He 's ours. We collected him. He 's in the centre glass case of the Long Gallery, and we wouldn't swap him for ten B.B.C. dons.

We added him to our collection recently, the day after he gave Spain a nasty rap over the knuckles, like a spinster aunt, for not being " ripe for democracy," and for having a population " largely illiterate." What the boy means is that (*a*) the Spaniards are not yet keen enough on establishing the crooks' and grafters' paradise some other people enjoy; and (*b*) the Spanish peasantry are, as yet, without the blessings of that compulsory education which has made our own (for example) such clear and fearless thinkers the envy and terror of the world.

If this doesn't amuse you—Spain being, incidentally, the last refuge in Europe of civilised manners and the old European Culture—as it amuses us, we 'd better pretend (with what aplomb we can summon) that we were just being a wayward old tease, and pass on. Rat our natal stuffing, we can't help gurgling, though.

Hey! Don't Stop!

A friend of ours who gets up impromptu after-dinner plays and charades in country-houses at week-ends for fun—another friend of ours knows Mae West, and yet another is a company promoter, which shows we 're pretty broadminded and loyal—well, this one wanted a bit of blank-verse tragedy of a certain type, and came to us. Indulgent as ever, we routed round till we found something we think may charm you as it did us. It 's from *The Captives*, by Gay—*Beggar's Opera* Gay. A beautiful captive is complaining to Phraortes, King of Persia—

Cap.: He sent my lord upon some feign'd command;
I in his tent sat waiting his return,
Then suddenly the ravisher rush'd in!
(*She weeps*).

Phra.: Go on.

Note the impatience of Phraortes, the Boy Who Won't Miss a Thing. She does go on for a space, then stops again, overcome.—

Cap.: O shame! O brutal force! (*She weeps.*)

Phra.: Unhappy woman!
Proceed!

Thus he gets at the whole amazing story, the nosey old flapears, just like Our Special Correspondent.

Cads' Corner

Talking about *Punch* (were we, or not?), one of the best advertisements for the *Spectator* we have seen for a long time is a current *Punch* advertisement on the Bakerloo Line.

Illustrating the well-known argument that one should arm oneself against all the ills of Life by subscribing to *Punch*, there is displayed a little blue mannikin with a shield, made of *Punch's* familiar cover, warding off three long arrows. The arrows, labelled " Depression," " Worry," and " Gloom " respectively, are pointing directly to three different spots on the *Punch* cover.

This seemed to us, simple children of Nature that we are, to convey an idea exactly contrary to the idea the *Punch* people had in mind. Should we have guffawed? Anyway, we did, suddenly, loudly and long, to the astonishment of lots of clean, decent people bound for the West. They took us for foreigners, we expect.

Danse Macabre

Dropping for half an hour the other evening into one of the few music-halls left in London, we watched a squad of strong and healthy damsels kicking and cavorting for some time before it occurred to us that the tune they were dancing to was somehow familiar. Then we remembered that it was the tune of " The Red Flag," turned into a brisk sort of jig. Nobody seemed to care.

The Reds always chant it solemnly at a funereal pace—hence Shaw's one-time description of it as " the funeral march of a fried eel." Sung thus, it is one of the dreariest tunes devised by man. As a dance it struck us as a bit of an improvement. We ourselves once heard a few bars of it played as a waltz in a pretty grim little bar near the Moulin de la Galette. We didn't hear it all through, because a gentleman looked in to fire three rounds rapid at the patron's daughter, whom he no doubt loved. Although he only wounded her slightly, we thought we might as well leave. The patron, who was highly incensed, called him a salaud.

Since the place was half-full of those tourists who always go to places where tourists never go, we shouldn't wonder now if the whole thing were staged by the travel agencies. But we were young then, and believed nearly everything we saw, except Willy Clarkson.

The Bystanders.

Re-Incarnations

No. 2.—Anthony and Cleopatra

(The Hon. Anthony Asquith and Lady Oxford and Asquith)

DORMY

one down

– and one to go

GUINNESS

is good for your Golf

G.E. 388A

"Nice little blonde in the third row, 'arry"

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

LAST week was "Rabbit week," so I gathered, by walking down Jermyn Street and looking at the windows of the R.S.P.C.A. The poor little beasts might just as well have a week as any other animals, though whether it entailed their life or death I could not discover. Dogs had a look-in, too, at the Crystal Palace, and the Motor Show began, an occasion when motoring kings visibly swell with importance, and hosiers' shops sell more "old school ties" to temporary salesmen than at any other time of the year.

THE Vanderbilt case, in New York, shows us that the American "upper Four Hundred" have us well beaten—at mud-slinging. The return of Mr. Sopwith has passed quite unnoticed; I have not yet heard that he and Mr. Harold Vanderbilt have been seen lunching together. Sir Harry Preston should arrange a skee-ball match on the pier (to give it a nautical touch) at Brighton, followed by one of those "delightful little luncheons" at the Albion which provide such an excellent opportunity for a mutual admiration society.

THERE is no truth in the report that C. B. Cochran has sailed to New York with the principal object of taking a ludo team to challenge the Americans, with Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay, and Mr. "Mossie" Myers assisting him to play. Nor is he going to bring back another troupe of blondes to challenge the Dorchester and Grosvenor House; he says that he is quite content with his Young Ladies at the Trocadero. *Conversation Piece* is his main objective.

"René"

A portrait-sketch of Mrs. Arthur Waite, by H. Septimus Power, the Australian artist, whose exhibition at the Arlington Galleries, Old Bond Street, closed last Saturday. Mrs. Waite is the daughter of Sir Herbert Austin; her husband is Capt. A. C. R. Waite, M.C.

Mr. Ronald Quilter and Miss Doreen Parker

Mr. Ronald Quilter is the elder son of the late Major Eustace Quilter and Mrs. Quilter, of Belstead House, Ipswich, and a nephew of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, and Miss Doreen Parker is the elder daughter of the late Mr. C. S. Parker, of Fairlie House, Ayrshire, and Mrs. Percy Lowe, of 45, Cadogan Place. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Tuesday last week

WE lose Lord and Lady Tennyson very soon, too, for the gallant Lionel has to winter in California to conform with American taxation requirements.

THE Scotch season is not altogether finished, at least, as far as sport is concerned, though Scottish society has retreated to within the portals of its castles, and pulled up the drawbridge with intent to remain secure in its castellated fastnesses for another year. Some of the daughters descend on London about next June, if father reports that the young grouse have hatched out well.

Stalking is at its best at the moment, judging by the arrival of haunches of venison: Mr. Esmond Harmsworth has been in his deer-forest in the Northern Highlands; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wills are in a lodge on Sir Ernest Wills's lovely estate at Meggernie. Mrs. John Mason recently had to walk home eleven miles in the dark from the stalking-ground to the lodge, but had the support of two stalwarts in her husband and Captain Bobbie Gordon Canning.

From Melton I hear great news: there are more foxes than ever, and they have summered splendidly, as we hope have their intending pursuers, such as Miss Monica Sherriffe, Lady Warrender, and Miss Ulrica Thynne.

PUNCH'S CLUB has been in the news because the barman, "John" (other name Perosino), won the cocktail-shaking championship, his "Royal Romance" proving the best of 3000 others. When we learnt that Booth's Dry Gin was one of the ingredients, nobody was surprised to hear that Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe exclaimed: "Ba gum, I think I 'll buy the Club!"

By the way, Prunier's is to open a branch in St. James's Street (I think, on the site of the old Rumpelmeyer's) at the beginning of December; let us hope they really will provide a variety of fish, though it will have a job to defeat Scott s for oysters and lobsters.

F

At Grosvenor House

Lady Ashley, in shaded pink and cerise, with Sir Robert Throckmorton; Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, in black with an off-the-shoulder yoke; Col. the Hon. Freddy Cripps; and Lady Mary Lygon, who has taken to a fringe and was wearing purple. They were all at the Grosvenor House for the opening night

"'A know tha' hast,' said Sam"

A sketch of Stanley Holloway doing one of his famous pieces about Private Samuel Small at the Carlton last Tuesday

A Party at

Lord and Lady Queensberry and, the cabaret at the Carlton. Besides gentlemen entertained with a flow of

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

(Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

ONE of the most attractive "turns" that London has seen for a long time was the Vienna Choir Boys at the Queen's Hall. These lads (average age, twelve) are under the care of Father Schmitt, who trains them in the Imperial Chapel, Vienna. And they are one of the biggest musical "draws" on the Continent. The Queen's Hall was absolutely full for their concert: they started off in their sailor suits, and the clarity and purity of their singing much affected the audience. Afterwards they did a burlesque of an opera, in Mozartian costumes, a sight the staid Queen's Hall can rarely have seen before.

Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, Lady Snowden, Miss Olga Lynn, and Mr. John Sutro were in the audience, also Mr. Ivor Newton, the famous accompanist. He had returned from Sweden that afternoon by aeroplane, which brought also Mrs. Simon Marks, Mr. Ben Rubenstein, and his wife, Conchita Supervia. So great a success did she have in Copenhagen and Stockholm, that a cable had to be sent to the Sussex Nurseries (owned by Mr. Rubenstein) for a special consignment of orchids, carriage forward.

MRS. CLAUDE BEDDINGTON, the indefatigable "Mother B," held a soirée at Arkwright Lodge for the Opera Circle, of which she is now Vice-President. Captain John Christie spoke about the Glyndebourne opera, which was one of the bravest musical attempts since those of Ludwig of Bavaria. Nobody works harder in the cause of English musicians than "Mother B." A young British composer has only to be able to write a chromatic scale for her to give him an audition.

MRS. PETER THURSBY and Lady Milbank have now joined the ranks of Sovrani, and are helping him in the struggle for the night-life supremacy. On the opening performance last Tuesday they certainly collected a gala-like gathering: Lady Dashwood hurried along from the reception at the Egyptian Legation, temporarily deserting the diplomats, for she is very much in that circle. Lady Cunard was seen to smile at one who was not of "the Faithful," which shows you that it must have been a cheery evening. Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, Lady Carnarvon registered no change in *their* outlook, which is always happy. And now that Mr. "Chips" Channon has returned from Mit-Europa, we are sure to see him and Lady Honor at all these functions, as on this occasion.

THE Carlton, too, is "coming along nicely" in this strenuous night-life contest, with its Tuesday nights' extension and cabaret. On the opening night of this series, Lupe Velez attracted a great deal of attention; she was at Captain Covell's table, with her husband, Johnnie Weismuller. John Buckmaster, who is spoken of as a Jack Buchanan in embryo, danced with Phyllis Stanley, an attractive member of Leslie Henson's cast. Lord Lurgan looked round with a watchful eye, for the Carlton is one of his "children"; sport was represented by Major Le Roy Burnham and Mr. G. N. Foster, humour by Mr. Guy Puckle.—MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

WE 'VE had a lot of gaiety lately, one way and another. New Midnight Follies at the Dorchester, and better than ever they are, too. Miss Bébé Stanton gave Miss Nina Grenfell a new name in "Greenfall," but it was near enough. She was there one night with her brother, Lord Grenfell. Talking of peers, Lord Brecknock was hovering round, and Lord Iddesleigh, whose hair is the envy of many an unnatural platinum blonde, had a party the same night. Another giver of a party was Sir Egerton Hammond-Graeme, "premier baronet of the Isle of Wight," as his wife calls him.

QUAGLINO'S was full to bursting the other night, but not an awful lot of familiar faces about. That attractive person, Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger, was there, dressed in black, and with her that equally attractive man, Captain Geoffrey Courtney, and two more, thus making it a party. What price Fishburn and Stephenson? They were in a large party, dancing most of the time together.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL has been busy entertaining guests at Harewood for the Leeds Festival, the Austrian Minister, Baron Franckenstein, among them. He is the most musical-minded of all the diplomats over here. Lady Rosebery was another guest, and Lord Gerald Wellesley, who became an architect when he gave up the Diplomatic service. Lord Bingley, still, perhaps, better known as Lane-Fox, also had his house full for the Festival. Young Lord Normanby and his sister were staying there. The Barrans, at Sawley Hall, were others entertaining in the same cause, but history doesn't relate as to whether Mrs. John Barran (alias Ruthven twin) was staying with her in-laws at that time.

the Carlton

between them, Lady Bridget Poulett watching Stanley Holloway, two amusing coloured "Black Crows" small talk and some songs

Lord Lurgan

Left: Lord Lurgan was also at the Carlton last Tuesday. He has been Chairman of the Ritz and Carlton Hotels since 1928

Below: a sketch of Fräulein Melitta Brunner, the attractive Austrian, who gave a very fine figure-skating exhibition at the opening night of the Ice Club

Fräulein Melitta Brunner

THE MONTE CARLO FOLLIES, at Grosvenor House, are worth a visit. Lady Louis Mountbatten, sylph-like in sequins of a golden hue, was there on the first night, looking quite lovely as usual, with Lord Louis, Prince George, and a mass of wide, jewelled bracelets. The Maharance of Cooch Behar is still with us, and was there that night, too. A couple of Churchills, Ivor and Randolph, and the "Sleeping Bart," in one of his waking moments, were with the Freddie Crippses.

DRESS shows, of course, are in full swing, and Mrs. Crawshay, daughter of Lord Tyrrell, has been over here buying her autumn outfit. Although she lives in Paris, she always buys her clothes in London. Can it be that "Buy British" is her motto? Lady Carisbrooke we've also seen buying busily, and the Duchess of Westminster was an interested spectator at a dress show we were at recently. Talking of her reminds us that we have also seen Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey about.

LUNCHING at the Café de Paris the other day, we saw Cripps sportswear being displayed by some of the leading London mannequins. Mrs. Freddie Clifford was watching the girls parade, while eating between-whiles in company with her mother, Mrs. McGrath, and Lady Dashwood. Mr. Cecil Beaton was, we considered, a bit out of his depth in surroundings of tweeds, guns, golf-clubs, and ladies' hunting underwear. He evidently thought so, too, as he sat with his back to the "goings-on." The mannequin parading the last-named started well covered in a dressing-gown, and ended in vest and pants. We got a bit hot at one moment, wondering what she would discard next. Mrs. Edgar Brassey was with her sister, Mrs. Crichton, who we are delighted to see about again, and Mrs. James Beck, looking younger than ever. Miss Olga Lynn was there, too, with a party of girl friends, and, of course, the Crippses themselves and two of her sisters, in different parts of the restaurant, Mrs. "Washy" Hibbert in the gallery, and Mrs. Crawshay (mother of Patsey) below.

OTHER things and people we've noticed lately are—Mrs. Roger Thornycroft's wind-swept head, very becoming to her particular type of beauty; Mrs. Anthony Crossley, the artist wife of the M.P., driving briskly through Hyde Park in her grey Ford "V-8."; Lady Oxford and Asquith, beneath a cape of blue-and-white stripes, looking for her car in Bruton Street; Lord Hindlip (no thinner) strolling down Bond Street, while other men worked; Lady Violet Pakenham, who, obviously bored with being a bridesmaid, has decided to take the plunge and become a bride. Good luck to her! Miss Isabel Jeans on her way to have her face slapped in Berkeley Square.

MRS. PEEPS

Below: Lady Grant was at the Ice Club opening night with her husband, Sir Hamilton Grant, and her younger daughter, Guinevere, who wore a neat black velvet skating dress

Lady Hamilton Grant and Her Daughter, Guinevere

Miss Birchenough (Prestbury and Upton) and Mrs. J. S. Burn (R. Mid-Surrey) had two strokes and a 3 and 2 beating from Miss Regnart, the Swedish and Middlesex champion, and Miss Julia Hill, of Surbiton

During a hold-up on the twelfth tee at Ranelagh the camera was busy with (left to right) Miss Lake (Worthing), Miss Ann de Montmorency (Wentworth), Miss Newell (Cavendish), Miss Moberly (Westward Ho!), Mrs. Lehmann (Aldeburgh), Mrs. Knight and Mrs. McGowan, both of Hayling

Mrs. Karin Bauer, of Falsterbo, Sweden (left), with her partner, Miss Marjory Raworth, of St. George's Hill. In the first round this pair beat Miss M. F. and Miss N. E. Sanderson, of Leighton Buzzard, by 3 and 2

Miss Phyllis Wade (in front, nearest the water) crossed another bridge in her career as English champion by surviving her first round at Ranelagh. With her is her partner, Miss D. Lamplough, and following them, Miss Joan Lloyd and Mrs. Latham, whom they beat 3 and 2, giving them three strokes. Miss Wade's straightness and fine putting could not fail to be invaluable at Ranelagh

Right: Mrs. Garon gives a light to Lady Alness. Mrs. Garon, with Mrs. Philip Hill as partner, lost her first round; but Lady Alness and her partner, Miss Leetham, a well-tried and successful pair, came through

"Bystander" Autumn Foursomes,

13th Year at Ranelagh, 10th at Roehampton

Some of the Competitors on both Links

Family affairs at Ranelagh, where Mrs. and Miss Gibbs (left) won by 5 and 4 from Miss E. and Miss M. Urwick, of Brokenhurst Manor, who were giving them two strokes

The biggest winners of the first round at Roehampton were Miss Barnes Gorell (left) and the Marchioness of Headfort, by 8 and 7, from Mrs. Anthony and Miss Woodhouse, of Wimbledon Park, on level terms. The winners were semi-finalists last year, and critics thought well of their chances this time

Above: Miss M. J. Couper, left, and Miss Jessie Anderson were the back-markers at Ranelagh, and had a first-round win, 3 and 2, from Mrs. Alec Johnston and Mrs. Crombie. The latter was doubled up with lumbago, so that it was a little cruel of the two Scotties to take the sixteen holes in four under fours, and finish the match with a dead stymie

Left: l. to r.: Lady Eddis and Miss Joy Winn, the latter always at her best at Ranelagh, gave five strokes, the most given by any couple in the first round, and won by 3 and 2 from Mrs. Lockhart Smith and Miss E. Eberstein, of Hadley Wood

The "Bystander" flag floats over the Thirteenth Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, and tells the competitors waiting below that they will find the wind helpful for the first tee shots. Miss Birchenough and Mrs. Burn are standing, and the group includes Mrs. Eddison and Miss Garnham

THE first day's play at Ranelagh began with the burglary of the Challenge Cup replicas and ended with Miss Pyman and Mrs. W. B. Evans holing their seventieth shot to win at the nineteenth hole from Mrs. Hedges and Miss Spiers. That was probably the best golf of the day, for the winners only gave one stroke. In the meantime there had been a twenty-sixth-hole win for Mrs. Kemp and Miss Walford, after they had been two down and six to play to Miss Eagle and Mrs. Woodhouse. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Noel Layton touched the other end of the scale, winning their match from two of the Misses McLintock on the thirteenth green. The weather was ideal, except for those who found it chilly waiting on the first tee while one or other of the eight halved matches struck off again. At Ranelagh the wind was really strong and troublesome, one reason why fancy was hot for the back-markers, Miss N. E. Coote, of croquet fame, and Mrs. Kellar Frost

Left: Roehampton Autumn Foursomes are no less cheery than the Ranelagh edition. Left to right: Mrs. Bethell and Lady Vestey (Woodcote Park), and Miss Weil and Mrs. Salmon (Hendon) waiting to start their match, which the latter pair won by 7 and 5

Right: Roehampton first-rounders. Left to right: Miss Haworth (Woking) and Mrs. Sanderson (Brough), who were beaten 4 and 3 by Mrs. Rothwell Jackson and Mrs. Elliott Batt, of Coombe Wood

Lady Willoughby de Broke, in a nicely cut long tweed coat, talking to Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham and Mrs. Pepys at the Stratford-on-Avon jump meeting

A Racing Reverie

Kempton Comments

By "Regular"

As the stands at Kempton have got bigger, so have the stakes decreased. As a member of the public, I am delighted at the commodious buildings from which we now watch the races, but, as an owner, I might prefer it if the stands were a little less palatial and the remuneration more in keeping with the general air of affluence that prevails.

It speaks much for our owners that they should continue to patronise the Duke of York's Handicap in the way they do, though it has now dwindled to a paltry £400 affair—further proof, if any were needed, that it is the honour and glory that counts. I have known many owners to whom the mere mention of money caused the most intense embarrassment, while such trivial matters as the trainer's bill entirely escaped their notice.

The start for the Duke of York's Handicap was somewhat uneven, like Prince Aly Khan's moustache, Versicle, who had been absent for a long time, beginning slowly. George Lambton has performed many wonderful training feats in our time and in the times of our fathers, and I have a shrewd idea that he is going to perform another one and win a race with Versicle. This good mare was very seriously injured on her way to Lincoln, and it will be a great feat if the Hon. George gets her back to form; but her running at Kempton was full of promise. Statesman's victory was well deserved, and another case of a horse winning when his owner has decided to sell all his horses.

Our old friend, Mahatma Gandhi, used to cut down his nourishment to the minimum. A couple of nuts and half a glass of goat's milk would put him at the top of his form. Another old friend, "Gandhi" Ray, has cut down his winning margins in much the same way.

While you and I are having heart disease on the stand, shouting "Oi! Oi!", having laid 70 to 40 on so many times we've lost count, the old perisher sits there with about seven double-handfuls, and wins by a head.

I have long come to the conclusion that it's raving madness ever to look at the horses, or watch them going down, except as a matter of interest. The horse which is behaving in the paddock like an old gentleman at a débutante's dance, forgets all about it in the race. Similarly, the filly which was giving an imitation of a dancing partner in Gerrard Street, invariably behaves like a Duchess directly the tapes go up.

At Kempton, Oi's action going down to the post reminded me of Major Weyland's, but she came back like a train. One should never be put off at racing. Make up your mind before you go exactly what you're going to back, and stick to it. To avoid meeting well-meaning people who will try and influence you, I advise that you should go to the bar and have a couple between every race. This serves a number of purposes—it is good for trade (and I speak feelingly), you will enjoy yourself very much, it will fill you brimful of confidence and, in the unlikely eventuality of defeat, it will do much to restore your self-respect.

I should very much appreciate the gift of a rubber stamp inscribed: "The ——— race was one further triumph for the Aga Khan and his able trainer, Frank Butters." In the Imperial Produce Stakes, Shahali gathered in a few thousand more shekels for this successful and deserving combination.

At one period, having shaken off Lady Gabrial, he looked like winning easily, but Ben Marshall put in such a stout challenge that I thought he had beaten him, and Mr. Clayton, who watched the race from the other side of the course, thought Ben Marshall had won a neck.

Never in my life have I been more thankful to see No. 1 go in the frame than I was on this occasion. My own bet was of trifling consequence compared with the fact that I had persuaded the Mem not to back Ben Marshall, and hell knows no fury like the Mem when she's been stalled off a 20 to 1 winner—especially by me.

Lady Gabrial is a half-sister to Windsor Lad, and so a number of people thought she was money for jam. I am well aware that blood will tell, and breeding does count, but you cannot believe implicitly in the family business, for, as I have often told you before, one of the naughtiest girls in Mayfair is the daughter of a parson.

Far be it from me to slight Lady Gabrial, which is a charming filly and is sure to win good races; time will prove that the first two, in successfully giving her the weight they did, put up the very devil of a performance.

Dick Perryman told me that Shahali (through greenness) began to look about him when he found himself in front, while Gordon Richards, who thought he had won, declared that he would have done so easily but for Ben Marshall jumping the road. If (as is unlikely) I was offered either of these two colts, I should choose Shahali, for while Ben Marshall is one of the most beautiful colts I have ever set eyes on, Shahali looks the more robust and may be more genuine and dependable.

Everyone hoped that His Majesty's beautifully-bred filly, Fairlead, would at least get a place, and the King and Queen had ventured out on a perfectly filthy afternoon to see her run. She is, however, a very delicate-looking filly, light-framed and abnormally long in the back. Her running at Kempton was undoubtedly too bad to be true, but I am afraid she may always be a difficult filly to catch at her best. With another year over her head, her physique should improve, as did her dam's, Scuttle, who won His Majesty his only classic race. One thing is certain—we all hope it will.

Steeplechasing Again—At Stratford-on-Avon

Capt. and Mrs. Beach giving the next race serious consideration at the Stratford-on-Avon meeting

Miss Bee Batliava and the attractive Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth were a nice couple of decorations

Above, left: "Midge" Richardson talking to Lord Harewood and W. Jarvis before going out on the favourite, Blank, in the Nottingham Handicap; Blank wasn't placed. Centre: Lord Huntingdon and Mrs. Power marking their cards. Above, right: Mrs. Roger Allen and Miss Limb

Autumn Racing

The Pre-Cesarewitch Meeting at Nottingham

Above: the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Monica Sherriffe and Lord Ivor Churchill, whose horse, Carrickore, came in second in the Southwell Maiden Plate, on the first day of the meeting

Right: Mrs. "Boy" Wilson with the form-book, and Mr. Crawfurd. Extreme right: Mrs. Simms talking to Mr. Glass and W. Beeby, the trainer

Photographs by S. K. Richardson

The Byng Boy is Here

Scenes from "Hi-Diddle Diddle!" at the Comedy

Above: June as Sweet Nell of Old Elstree, John Tilley as Charles II., and Douglas Byng as the only original Sweet Nell of Old Drury, in "Oranges and Lemons"

Right: in a Peter Arno setting and on a Peter Arno bed: Douglas Byng and June appear together in a very modern discussion

Left: Douglas Byng as he appears singing the song "Lizzie, the Pre-War Flivver," who was a bit of a goer in her time, with quick ignition and one who made the pace hot

Below: Douglas Byng, as the ideal butler, explains in song over the telephone the reason why his mistress will be unable to keep the luncheon appointment. "Miss Otis Regrets, Madam." The picture on the wall represents his beloved mistress

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"The satisfactory thing about Dewar's, is that it never Varies; the quality is so dependable!"

DEWAR'S

The Famous

"White Label"

The Girl and the Dove

Conchita Montenegro is a Fox girl, an attractive-featured player whose name is still unknown to most film audiences. She's been in the Hollywood fashion eye lately because of her doves; they were given to her by Marcel Rochas, the Paris dress expert, who introduced them to Hollywood during a recent visit. Conchita Montenegro is the girl who has been suggested as a double for the French star, Annabella; there certainly is a likeness between them

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

"Mr. Chips" of Brookfield

By Alan Thomas

MOST schools have a "Mr. Chips"—the oldest master on the staff, the "character" whom every new boy knows within his first week and never forgets for the rest of his life, the old fellow who has "won by seniority and ripeness an unchartered no-man's-land of privilege" and has "acquired the right to those gentle eccentricities that so often attack schoolmasters and parsons." His gown is almost too tattered to hold together; his jokes are traditional (like the one about the Lex Canuleia) and "typical" (like his name for the war-time rissole: "abhorrendum"—meat to be abhorred). He is known invariably as "Old So-and-so," and everybody who has ever had anything to do with the school knows that without him the place would never be the same. Old So-and-so *is* the school.

All of which is by way of introducing you to quite the loveliest and most moving piece of portraiture I have come across for a long time. It is called *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, by James Hilton (Hodder and Stoughton; 5*s*.). The book is a short one (only 128 pages), but it paints a full-length picture of Mr. Chips from the time when he first went to Brookfield, 'way back in the 'seventies, up to his death in the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Hilton produces some wonderfully authentic touches, and his writing seems to me to have the quality of permanence about it. His book gave me, as I am sure it will give many others, enormous pleasure.

THE climbing of Mount Everest is an experience that most of us have to forgo. The very idea of it seems remote, and even when we are speculating on the things we might do if ever we had time and money enough to do them, our thoughts do not usually turn towards Everest. And yet there are few tales of human adventure that can stir the imagination so vividly as the story of man's attempt to scale the highest mountain in the world. As Sir Francis Younghusband says in his Foreword to *Everest* 1933, by Hugh Ruttledge (Hodder and Stoughton; 25*s*.), "the sight of the Everest climbers struggling ever upward, never losing heart, never despairing, but returning again and again to the struggle, was found to hearten many an aspirant to the heights of the spirit." And again, this record of undaunted effort "has even given new heart to many a lonely invalid struggling through all adversity to keep his soul steadfastly set on the highest."

And certainly, as you read in Mr. Ruttledge's narrative of all the careful and minute preparations that had to be made for the expedition, of difficulties and set-backs that were encountered on the way, of the cheeriness, the unselfishness and the courage shown by members of the party, of the repeated attempts that were made to reach the summit, and of the inevitable disappointment that followed on their failure—when you read of all this, you can at least feel that other people have been facing problems even greater, even more dangerous than those you have been trying to face yourself!

James Hilton

Author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" (Hodder and Stoughton), whose new book about the oldest master on a school staff is reviewed on this page. Though not a long story, our reviewer is evidently under the opinion that it is little and good

Mr. Ruttledge's book contains a large number of excellent photographs and several folding maps. It constitutes a complete and quietly written record of a great adventure.

"CAULDRON BUBBLE," by Leslie Reid (Gollancz; 8*s*. 6*d*.), is a book with a message. Grendel and Belmark are two neighbouring countries. Edwal, which was once an independent country lying between them, is now a province of Grendel by right of conquest. But the spirit of Edwalsh nationalism is still alive, and the book opens with the rebellion of Edwal against Grendel. Before long, Belmark, whose public opinion is fanned by a nationalist Press, influenced by armament firms, comes to the help of Edwal, and there follows a first-class war between Grendel and Belmark. This, in fact, is "the next war," the clash of mechanised forces on land, on sea and in the air resulting in appalling loss of human life and stupendous waste of material resources. The war drags on for the best part of two years, and at the end of it, Edwal, once a pleasant, fertile land, resembles "a landscape on the moon"; and the peace that Grendel imposes on Belmark is of such a character as to cement rather than dispel the hatred which the war has engendered between them.

The only ray of hope comes from one Venderkin, a Grendish millionaire, who lives on an island and pulls as many strings as he can to try and stop the war. But he doesn't succeed, and the book ends on a note of hopelessness—which, I suppose, is not to be wondered at. All the same, I couldn't help feeling that a man of Alain Gard's intelligence, having already diverted his energies from the cause of Edwalsh nationalism to that of peace between Grendel and Belmark, might have been spared to fight for an even greater cause, instead of being made to throw himself over a precipice.

The main purpose of the book, however, is to show precisely what the next war will be like. This purpose it most effectively achieves, and in doing so makes a valuable contribution, in the palatable form of a novel, to the literature of peace.

MR. ALEC WAUGH'S new book, *Pages in Woman's Life* (Cassell; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a collection of short stories written round the oldest theme in the world. The scenes are laid in different parts of the world—an island in the West Pacific, a West End restaurant, Cap d'Anville, a London suburb, and so on. But wherever the tale is pitched, there the verb "to love" is being conjugated.

Mr. Waugh plays upon the importance of incidents, showing how a stray word, a storm at sea, or even a bird flying over the jungle may alter the whole course of one's life. The book, in fact, might have been entitled "Turning Points." The author, as one would expect, does it all very deftly, though I wished that he had carried two of his stories, *Committed* and *Betrayal*, one stage further. I wanted to know what happened! But I mustn't grumble.

I enjoyed the tales very much, and I commend the book to all husbands—that is, if they can snatch it away from their wives!

Left: A. F. Turner, the Richmond scrum-half, passes the ball out to J. L. Reid, the stand-off half, after the break-up of a scrum in the match between Richmond and London Welsh at the Richmond Athletic Ground

Below: Mr. J. Hughes, the referee, seeks refreshment in a lemon at half-time in the match when the Harlequins beat London Scottish by seventeen points to four, at Twickenham

Richmond Entertaining London Welsh at the Athletic Ground

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Harlequinade

I WONDER if the Harlequins are due for a real revival? It seemed possible, I must say, when I saw them beating the London Scottish at Twickenham recently. Not that the Scottish are yet a great side, though they have the makings of an uncommonly good club side, with a three-quarter line of almost indecent pace. Hunter and Brown, the Scottish wings, are both even-timers, and track sprinters of renown; Lind's speed, both in action and thought, Englishmen have cause to know only too well; R. W. Dunn, the remaining centre, who comes, I believe, from Perthshire, is said to be a Scotland player in the making, though I have not had the good fortune to see him.

Oddly enough, the Scottish fail in close scrummaging, a weakness which we do not expect from Scottish teams, and one which made things easier for the Harlequins than they otherwise would have been. Still, the Harlequins won handsomely, and by traditional methods, and as they had beaten Bath the week before, they have reason to be optimistic.

IF subtlety counts, the Harlequins should have their fair share of it, with Adrian Stoop to coach them, and this year Mr. Stoop is taking the team in hand thoroughly. It will be interesting to watch results, for I think Harlequin teams have failed in the past through a misapprehension of the methods which first made the Harlequins famous.

Those methods were simple enough, but not quite so superficial as some people imagined. Speed of manœuvre certainly played a large part in them, and the Harlequins were fortunate in the men who made up their attack—men like Adrian Stoop himself, F. M. Stoop, Ronnie Poulton, J. G. Birkett, and D. Lambert.

Originally, though, the Harlequins were renowned for their forwards, players of the calibre of R. C. Hayward, the brothers Hammond, A. C. T. Veasey, and D. Linton. And, this is the point, the forward tradition stuck, even when Stoop set about remodelling the attack in 1905. It is, indeed, essential to realise that the open tactics of the Harlequins, the throwing the ball about of which we have heard so much, were based entirely upon perfectly controlled scrummaging. It is true enough that the Harlequins would attack from any position on the field, and that they bewildered their opponents by sudden thrusts, when, theoretically, they should have been defending, but all this would have been impossible without the closest co-operation between forwards and backs.

The fundamental principle was this, though I speak under correction, should Adrian Stoop chance to read my rambling remarks. The forwards would not heel unless there was a reasonable opportunity for setting up a passing attack. When they did heel, it was in collaboration with their scrum-half, and they were always prepared to draw the defence by wheels and foot rushes before they sent the ball back.

THIS, I think, is illuminating, and decidedly relevant to the phase through which the game is passing to-day. It disposes of the theory that speed alone is all-important, and it reminds us of the true balance of the game. Unfortunately, our memories are short, and whereas we often recall the brilliance of the pre-war Harlequins in the open, we forget the hard work to which they largely owed their opportunities for brilliance.

NOW what of this year's Harlequins? Well, the material seems to be there right enough. It still needs shaping considerably, but there is, to my mind, the genuine Harlequin touch about it. The forwards, for example, are big, strong, and fast, and, well led by P. Dunkley, they should be capable of really intelligent scrummaging. From the Harlequin point of view it is unfortunate that Dunkley will, in all probability, be playing for Warwickshire, a point of view which will doubtless leave Warwickshire entirely unmoved. It means that on four Saturdays at least, Dunkley will be away, and that does not help team-work.

Still, the forwards should, at any rate, be adequate, and the young players behind the scrummage are highly promising. The fact that they are so young—average age twenty—is in itself excellent, and one or two of them may become very good indeed. G. E. C. Hudson, for instance, is a mid-field player of real ability, and A. G. Butler is a wing who is beginning to learn some of the arts of running, and running is more of an art than we sometimes think. G. J. Dean, at scrum-half, J. H. Howarth, at stand-off half, J. D. Ronald, at full-back, fine players all of them, and only Dean with more than a local reputation.

So much space to the Harlequins may seem disproportionate, but any signs of a return to clear thinking about the game are to be welcomed. That is where we fail nowadays; our thinking is muddled, and we do not go to the root of the matter.

I MUST admit, though, with the utmost cheerfulness, that club football this year seems to be on the mend. Blackheath, Gloucester, Leicester, Bristol all seem to have teams out of the common run, and from many parts of the country come encouraging reports of fine games and much enthusiasm. And already some of the younger players who made a name for themselves last year are cropping up in the news—J. C. Wright, of the Metropolitan Police, for example, is apparently in his England form.

I have not heard how J. J. Heaton is faring, but what a likely centre this Liverpool player is! And H. A. Fry, another Liverpudlian: there is a fine skirmishing forward, whose prowess interests us. Incidentally, what a bumper crop of back-row forwards we have at present—Wright, Fry, Hordern, L. S. Bailey, D. T. Kemp, A. G. Cridlan, R. E. Prescott, R. Bolton, P. W. P. Brook, back in his best form, and several others. And it is good to know that C. Webb, burliest of second-row men, is fit again after the knee injury which kept him out of action last year. If A. S. Roncoroni is also fit, there will be some weight at the Selectors' disposal for the England second row!

Swaebe

Above, left: the Maharaja of Rajpipla was with a party at Grosvenor House for the first appearance of the Monte Carlo Follies. With him are Miss "Tiny" Sword, Miss Sheila Roche, and Mr. Neil Beddington

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny went on from the première of "Jew Süss" to take a view of the new silver-and-pearl restaurant and the blonde lovelies who appear at midnight

Lady Ashley and Lord Queensberry, who knew all about the show when it was in Monte Carlo, were there to give it a London send-off

Right: Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., who came on for supper after "Moonlight is Silver" was over, and managed to find some space for dancing on the crowded floor

The Experts Approve

A New Show and a New Room at Grosvenor House

Below: Mrs. Freddy Cripps and Mr. Randolph Churchill, who was not persuaded to give up his soft shirt and black tie even by such a full-dress opening night as this

Lady Delamere and Mr. More O'Ferrall had a table for two "on the ground floor," that is, on the lower of the two levels into which the redecorated restaurant is now divided. Lady Delamere was looking taller and even more willowy than usual as she danced

Young Mothers

Below: Mrs. Henry Hohler is the daughter of the late Arthur Pirie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Pirie, and the wife of Mr Henry Hohler, eldest son of the late Lt.-Col. A. P. Hohler, D.S.O., and Mrs. Stanley Barry. Her son was born in February this year

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Henry Hohler and Arthur

Tunbridge

The Hon. Mrs Michael Morris

Above: Mrs. Michael Morris was Jean Maitland - Makgill - Crichton before she married Lord Morris's only son in April last year at the Brompton Oratory. Her daughter was christened Aislinn Mary Katharine. She and her husband have a house in London

Below: Mrs. Robert Cecil married Sir Evelyn and the Hon. Lady Cecil's only son last year. She is the daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Herbert Meade-Fetherstonhaugh. Her son was born in April this year, and was christened James Hugh

Left: Mrs. Gray Horton's son is called William Robin Gray. She was Gwen le Bas; her husband, Captain Gray Horton, who was in the Scots Guards, is the son of William S. Horton, the American painter

Marcus Adams

Mrs. Gray Horton

Lenare

Mrs. Robert Cecil

Fashions by Jean Burnup

Philip Harben

LOOKING at these two gorgeous evening coats you feel that velvet and fox were born to go together. Each flatters the other. Together, they flatter the wearer.

The one above is in that lovely new shade officially called grape. Actually, it is the colour of a ripe plum with a bronze bloom on it. Its fox collar is dyed to a hair, to match it. If you never liked dyed fur before, this will convert you.

The coat at the right is midnight blue, and the sheen of the velvet looks like moonlight on it. The cape, deeply edged with fox in the same shade, makes you look all the slimmer from the waist down. Both coats come from Debenham and Freebody.

Debenhams have a reputation for beautiful furs. They lived up to it, exceeded it, by the display at their recent Fur Fashion Parade.

There were some georgeous beasts on parade. One lovely model of black broadtail paw had a skin of silver fox running up each sleeve, heads on shoulders . . . A three-quarter length nutria coat had a swing back on a yoke and large slit pockets . . . There were magnificent capes of silver fox, mink, sable . . . And a sensational simultaneous entry of eight mink coats, each more exquisite than the last . . .

Streamline . . .

THERE is no more to this gown than some black crêpe, some black silk fringe, and some black fur. But with what cunning have they been put together . . . Norman Hartnell designed it, and this is Countess Bosdari wearing it, with grace.

Scaioni

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

So geese are silly, are they? Well, alive, perhaps. But after, they show us that they existed to some very good purpose.

And that was not only to be eaten. You can eat your goose and wear it too, round your shoulders, over your evening dress, to give just that touch of warmth you need when you begin to feel a little goosey. . . .

Peter Robinson's have them: enchanting little evening capes, made of soft goose feathers, dyed in a whole lot of lovely colours.

I looked hard at a fluttery blue one, and couldn't help saying "boo" (to the goose). However, they must have thought I was asking the price in a new language, because they showed me the ticket—thirty-three and ninepence.

* * *

A few counters away there was the little evening coat drawn up at the top of the page. I looked hard at this, too. It looked hard back at me. It practically said:

"I'm yours."

What you can't see in the drawing, I'll describe. It is black velvet, and hangs loose, box-shaped. The short, shaped scarf-ends and cuffs are stitched with white. The sleeves are not sleeves at all, but slings. You put your elbows in them and relax your arms. Very comfortable.

There is a clever affair in sable dyed squirrel, in the fur collars department. It is a straight, upstanding collar with two long, gradually widening pieces on either side.

You do up the collar, and these pieces rest on the shoulders and arms, and fasten underneath, below the elbow. Put this on a dress or a plain coat, and you are wearing something fur-trimmed in the newest manner.

Two other neck-lines I saw and liked here: a collar made of silver sequins patterned on net, which would do almost everything to a plain, dark dress (ten shillings); and a light-as-air delaine scarf in reds and blues on

beige, cosily warm, light as angora, very smart—six-and-eleven, and plenty to choose from.

THERE comes a day when you look in the wardrobe, and all your clothes seem dreary. Not that they're old, some are just acquired. But for no reason at all, your dressy things don't seem to matter. (Don't worry; the next day they'll seem just as important again.)

The only thing you can bear is your plainest, most severe coat-and-skirt suit and a woollie. You always return, with gratitude, to woollies, and tell yourself, yet again, that they are the most comfortable, most practical, most dependable of all your clothes. And sometimes, the smartest.

I saw the one sketched on this page at Swan and Edgar's. It is a particularly soft jersey, blue, with a small collar and jabot. One pound.

Another, which costs ten shillings more, is blue jersey, with a beige shilling spot, and a bow tying carelessly at the neck. Both excellent.

* * *

Up on the fourth floor I took a look at some bedroom clothes.

Which is your school of thought about dressing-gowns? Dressy, feminine? Or tailorish, straightforward? Both are well served up here, In the second school, to which I incline, there is a dressing-gown in quilted chiffon velvet, lined with silk, so that you slip yourself into it like an eel.

It is cut on conventionally severe lines, collared, revered, cuffed and belted. It wraps well around you, and is very good indeed. It is forty-five shillings, in a lot of attractive bedroom colours.

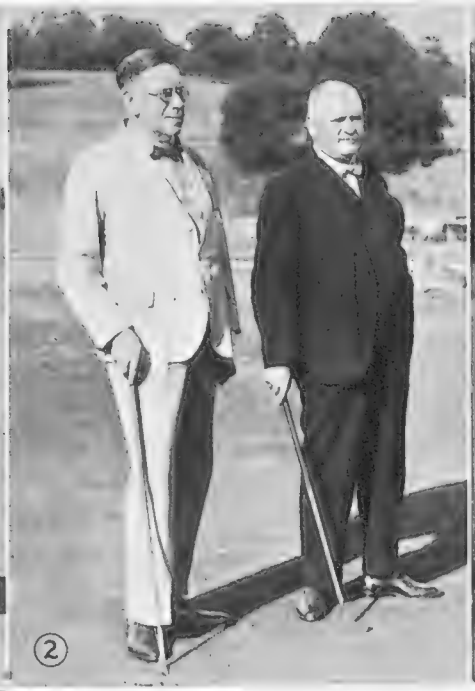
Another, in the same school, which costs a pound, is corduroy velveteen, so deeply ribbed that it looks like chenille. There is a round collar, rolling down into revers. You take no notice of that, but wear the collar muffled high into the neck, pull the wrap right to one side, and hug it tightly around you.

* * *

What can you call night-dresses without sounding so stiff? Wild horses won't make me call them "nighties." Though, reading back a few paragraphs, I see that I don't seem to mind saying "woollie." Well, there it is. "Woollie" passes; "nightie" doesn't.

How about bed-dress? One had just arrived here which gets ten out of ten, whatever you call it. It is drawn for you at the bottom of the page. So you can see the saucy, off-the-shoulder frilled line, and the Empire shape. But you can't see the delicate flowered ninon which makes it, or the subtle bias cut which lets it cling tightly but give to every movement. Yours for thirty shillings.

So to bed.



Golf Clubs at Home

Rochester and Cobham Park Golf Club, Cobham, Kent

(1) Charles Lake (one of the founders of the Club) and Major H. A. Waddington; (2) G. M. Johnson (Captain of the Club) and Walter C. Fletcher (ex-Captain and Committee-man); (3) C. W. Lewis (Committee-man) and W. G. Posgate; (4) Dr. M. F. McDonnell and E. R. Davis; (5) Commdr. W. V. Hynes and Surgeon-Lieut.-Commdr. A. D. McHaffie; (6) C. J. Marlow and C. S. Knight; (7) T. M. Weddell (Secretary) and H. F. Coote (ex-Captain and Committee-man); (8) J. R. Robins and A. A. Lawrence

Sandy Herd, the famous professional, one of the most popular who ever breathed, still going strong at Moor Park in his sixty-seventh year

Mr. Eustace Storey, the British golf International, photographed with his wife when on a visit to North Berwick, which has attracted many visitors this season

Mr. J. S. F. Morrison, the Cambridge Blue, who recently won the Central England Mixed Foursomes with Miss A. de Montmorency

"Nightmare Golf": By F. G. L. Fairlie

I WALKED into the clubhouse the other day for no more important a purpose than to indulge in gin-and-French and spend half an hour in pleasant company. When I reached the bar, I found that my old friend, Short High Slice, was occupying one chair, and on each side of him were seated Copped It Again and Sock It. Realising that Short High Slice was actually in the chair, I sat down just in time.

They were playing a game, these three, into which I joined: a game about which I have decided to tell you this week, in order that you may be able to play it in your respective clubhouses during the winter. It is a game which Slice, I think, has invented, and is called "Nightmares." It possesses one very great advantage, which is that it has only one rule. True, to golfers and fishermen this rule may prove to be difficult, for it is merely this—one must, in all circumstances, speak nothing but the truth.

JUST a word of introduction, to explain the title chosen for the game. Who amongst us has not some pet form of nightmare which recurs during indigestive periods throughout the year? Who amongst us cannot say: "When I get a nightmare it takes the form of walking along a railway line or coming to a level-crossing and finding that there is plenty of time to cross before the Western express rattles shatteringly past. I start to make the crossing, when a form of paralysis overtakes me. I cannot move at all. The train comes nearer and nearer. When I have given up all hope and the sweat of fear is streaming from my every pore, then I wake up . . ."

SLICE suddenly hit on the pleasant idea that we are all subject, on the golf-course, to just such frightful moments as those with which, willy-nilly, we must compete in our sleep. And his game is merely composed of each person telling, in turn, what is to him or her the most awful recurring moment on a golf-course. The word "recurring" is important, for merely one frightful moment, one terrible incident—such as the taking of four putts when two would have given us the victory and three a half in the final of the Captain's Prize—is something unusual and not an habitual fault. That, true, may be a nightmare for the moment, but it is definitely in the category of the unusual and unexpected dream. What Slice is getting at—just to give an example—is the man who may be subject to socketing, and when an attack is on him must analyse his fears to his hearers so that, perhaps, they may be able to give him some advice which may cure him. It is an interesting idea and rather fun, and is based, presumably, on the fact so often told us, that golf is chiefly mental. It is, I suppose, something in the nature of the confessional, only it is a confession made in the hearing of several people, any of whom may, by some chance, put the sinner more at his ease when temptation next assails him.

ON the evening in question Short High Slice started the ball rolling himself. I have given him a name very suitable to his own prevailing difficulty on the golf-course. Actually, it is too derogatory of his ability, for it implies that only a short dog-leg hole to the right suits him. Really, my friend is capable of playing a perfectly harmless round of golf, but he is always apt, when the match may be close, or for some other reason he is particularly anxious to do himself justice, to fall into that dreadful habit of getting his hands well in front of the ball and his club head well under it. I have seen moments, particularly against a wind, when he has made no forward progress whatever. It was easy to say to him, when the almost dreadful account came to an end, that obviously all his troubles came from too keen a desire to see in which direction the ball had flown, and that he was anticipating the shot when over-anxious; but in his case I am afraid his confession will not do him much good. If there is one thing in this world which it is quite useless to say to anybody, it is to tell him to look at the ball.

It was then Sock It's turn, and Sock It is a man of fine physique and a free and furious swing, who has the precisely reverse fault to that of my first friend. When he hits the ball he hits it mightily, but is inclined not to see it again if the rough is thicker on the left-hand side of the links. He unfolded to us the sad tale that he never knows when this is about to happen, not even after he has started the down swing. He implied also that he was actually afraid to look at the left-hand side of the course when squaring up on the tee, in case his eye should pick up a particularly welcoming bush, which, should it force itself upon his attention, seemed to hold a fascination for him which he was utterly unable to resist.

Copped It Again woke up at this point and suggested that the obvious remedy was for Sock It to be absurdly brave, to pick out deliberately some point well to the left of the fairway, to play straight at it and try to slice like anything. I am not at all sure of the wisdom of this advice, but we had no time to discuss it, for Copped It Again was now thoroughly awake and had started on his own confession. He told us that there was nothing unexpected about his game, that he knew perfectly well that it was a fifty-fifty chance whether he hit the ball or not, and therefore was prepared for any result. But he did say one interesting thing—the better he felt the less well he played. He asked why? and I left then, largely because I had no answer to give him.

AS a matter of fact, the great joy of the game of golf is that no one has any real answer to give anybody. Every individual must find out for himself just the why and wherefore of his own strokes. He can be helped temporarily to improve his game, but without natural ability he cannot be made into a first-class golfer by any other person. Yet it is all great fun to talk over, and that is why I suggest that this game invented by Short High Slice is worth your consideration. After all, every good golfer is a self-made man, and a train of introspective thought may well be started in this manner . . . provided one avoids too much advice!

Above: the London Scottish scrum-half, J. K. Mackenzie, passes out from a scrum formed near the Harlequin goal-line, in a match played at Headquarters and won by the Harlequins by seventeen points to four

Left: Betty Nuthall and Freda James congratulating their conquerors, Caroline Babcock and Elizabeth Ryan, in the ninth annual Pacific South-West Tournament, won by the American pair, 6—4, 5—7, 6—2

Whitney Straight on his Maserati S.(22) takes the lead at the start to win the Donington Park Trophy fifty miles' scratch race in the International Car Races organised by the Derby and District Motor Club at Donington Park Road Circuit, Castle Donington, near Derby. He won at an average speed of 67 m.p.h.

Sport with the Lid Off

By

"Mark Over"

THE leg-theory problem is still unsolved! After several hours' discussion last week, a full committee of the M.C.C. could only come out with a cryptic statement to the effect that they were appointing a "committee to frame suggestions to place before the counties."

Well, what does it all mean? Thirteen words. A model of brevity—but, alas, not a model of clarity. What the cricket public wants to know—what it has been wanting to know for many months now—is just how the M.C.C. views the question of leg-theory bowling.

Whatever we may be thinking, one thing is certain—it is, that the M.C.C. are standing firm by their purpose to shroud leg-theory in mystery. On September 20th their representatives met members of the Australian Test touring party at Lord's. It was a hush-hush conference, a sort of Ku Klux Klan affair, with, I dare say, secret passwords to bring the open sesame.

And what came of it? For two hours the M.C.C. deliberated; and then came the pronouncement that the opportunity was taken to "discuss cricket matters in general."

THIS gyring and gimbling was followed by Sir Stanley Jackson telling us, with a delicious casualness, that "the public will have to have a statement sooner or later, I suppose." Well, here we are with yet another meeting of the cricket mandarins come and gone—and still no statement. It's all so delightfully vague; but is it cricket?

And now, I suppose, we will have to wait and see just how the M.C.C. "leg-theory" committee labours over matters. Meanwhile, I am wondering just whose leg is being pulled up to the present. I have a pretty shrewd suspicion that it is the public's.

However, when we approach this new M.C.C. pronouncement with an analytical mind, what do we find? Straightway, one would think things were complicated. And, knowing the inner history of leg-theory, I can say that they are.

As a matter of fact, the county cricket captains met about twelve months ago, when they fully discussed leg-theory and all its implications—and intimidations! They then came to a "gentleman's agreement" not to exploit this method of bowling. Such was the situation, which showed clearly enough, that cricketers generally were determined to set their face against the type of attack exploited so successfully by Larwood and Co., in the Tests "Down Under."

We know the result. The agreement was not kept. Leg-theory bobbed up in not a few matches—never mind which—and there was more than a spot of trouble among the clubs. But now, I want to know, just how will the M.C.C. act; how are they going to approach county clubs which have, in effect, already turned their backs on leg-theory?

Is it that the big chiefs of cricket are to adopt a firm policy and threaten drastic measures on any renegade club over a leg-theory "pact"? As we know, Lancashire have already cancelled next season's fixtures with Notts, the stormy petrel of cricket, because of the method of attack adopted against them in this year's games. Will the M.C.C. go further and suggest to the counties that they should *all* abandon fixtures with any team using bowlers who are regarded as intimidating batsmen?

ONE can, at this stage, only ask questions; but I think we will find later on that they are pretty pertinent questions. As it is, one thing is obvious now: it is, that the M.C.C. have seen the Australian point of view fairly clearly. Indeed, one would almost hint that they are inclined to agree with the Australians regarding fast leg-theory—or, to use the stock word, "body-line." If this is so, then the M.C.C. are

Vernon Kirby, South Africa's left-handed Davis Cup player, lunching with Elred Tidbury at Paramount's Studio Café, Hollywood. Tidbury is himself something of an athlete, and won the studio's contest for physical perfection

R. C. F. Nicholls, the All-England Badminton Champion. He has now taken up lawn tennis and reached the semi-final at the Roehampton Tournament

in a bit of a fix: for it will need a nice sense of diplomacy to explain just what they meant when they supported D. R. Jardine's team after those frantic cables from Australia two winters ago. The plain fact is that they have to tread warily or they will be forced into the position of agreeing that our men "Down Under" did not play in the best spirit of the game. And then the fat will really be in the fire!

Now let's leave cricket and get on to golf, although the defeat of our women players in the Curtis Cup match is not such pleasant reading. How is it that the Americans nearly always smash our golfers to smithereens on their own soil? Curtis Cup; Walker Cup; Ryder Cup. It's all the same: our men and women golfers just go across the Atlantic and get beaten. Indeed, in looking up records I see that in the whole history of American golf we can only claim to have won one major event; that was the "Open" Championship, way back in 1920.

The money side of sport is an intriguing subject. And just now I have been looking into the cash account of professional "Soccer"—the biggest money-spinner in English sport.

Right away, I look to the Arsenal, the biggest gate-drawing club in the country. Wherever they go the Arsenal are watched by record crowds; why, it was at Stoke, only a week or so ago, that over 45,000 people turned up on a grey day of rain and wind to watch the London team. Then, last Saturday, there was a great crowd at Highbury to see the Arsenal meet Manchester City in a match which showed us two contrasting styles of the game.

Well, the Arsenal go into yet another big match on their own ground at the end of this week. This time they receive Tottenham Hotspur, their near North London rivals, in a match which may set up fresh attendance figures at Highbury. At any rate, one thing is certain: it is, that from these two games the Arsenal will get something like £10,000.

Where does all the money go? The answer is quite simple: all the cash taken at the turnstiles of the big League clubs goes back into the game. Indeed, apart from the salaries paid to officials and players, it is safe to say that not a penny piece is made out of professional football.

Take a look, for instance, at the way in which the Football Association is run. Thirty-one years ago, the F.A. was registered as a limited company, with a capital of £100 in 2000 shares of a shilling each. Those figures stand to-day. And through the years no shareholder has ever made a payment to the Company, nor has anyone received a dividend or a bonus.

Yet, on the other hand, the F.A. has become one of the wealthiest sport organisations in the world. To-day, there is a nice little sum of £149,535 put by for a "rainy day"! Representative matches are, of course, the biggest money ducts for the F.A.: in half a dozen years £61,916 flowed into the "till" from Internationals, while the profits were round about £7000 a year.

Staggering figures these. But no less impressive than the money which comes rolling in as a result of the F.A. Cup, which brings the Association in another £7000 a year. Phenomenal cash receipts; and yet the men behind it all get—absolutely nothing. Apart from a paid secretary—Mr. S. F. Rous, who refereed the last Cup Final, and has now succeeded Sir Frederick Wall, at a commencing salary of £800—the members of the Association give their services for the good of the game.

Very ably and wisely they go to work. They are, in the main, men of the people running the people's national game. There is Sir Charles Clegg, now well over eighty years of age, who has given a lifetime of service to "Soccer." There is Mr. John McKenna, President of the Football League; and, too, there was Sir Frederick Wall, himself, who only recently retired after something like forty years' connection with the sport.

Eikish Itoh, the young Japanese Davis Cup player, who is going up to Cambridge and is certain to win his Blue. He is at "Bunny" Austin's old College—Pembroke

The English Ladies' Championship

A view of the Links of the Seacroft Club at Skegness, where the English Ladies' (Close) Golf Championship was held. Miss Phyllis Wade (Ferndown), the winner, putting on the fifth green in the thirty-six-hole final match against Miss Mary Johnson (Hornsea)

Miss Phyllis Wade, the winner of this year's English Ladies' (Close) Golf Championship

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The "English" at Seacroft

DEAR BYSTANDER,

YOU must wait with what patience you may until next week for comment on the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton, merely whetting your curiosity with all the beautiful pictures to be found elsewhere in this number. I am not going to imperil my prophetic reputation (if I ever had one) by anything more committal than "the couple to win at Ranelagh will be real good putters, and not water-shy, and at Roehampton it will be somebody who has made a great effort from the 12th onwards." Next week you shall hear all about everything. For the moment, Seacroft and the English fill the bill.

IT was a delightful Championship; one of the friendliest possible. Some few tried to get up a good old South v. North atmosphere in the later stages, but the gale of the Thursday blew away straws of that sort, until the only thing that really mattered was whether the best golfer could win. I am not altogether convinced that the better of the two finalists did win, but undoubtedly it was the one who most deserved to, and that is something not always arrived at in championships. Quite possibly Miss Mary Johnson has greater golfing stuff in her than Miss Wade, but she failed to produce it, and Miss Wade, who had been playing spillikins with a much tougher lot of opponents than Miss Johnson, played, I should imagine, just about as well as she has ever done. After all, what more can you do than that to make you a worthy winner? I know very well that, from an International point of view, the week was disappointing. It gave nobody legitimate excuse for shaking their fists in the faces of the Selection Committee (which is what some folk seem to live for) and saying: "Now will you believe me? Why on earth didn't you send So-and-so to America instead of So-and-so?"

THE standard of play certainly did not bear comparison with the English at Westward Ho! last year, nor the Scottish at North Berwick this; there were far too many shots that nobody could describe as anything but bad. One was much more prone to expect that a shot would be on the edge of the green than that it would be really close to the pin. To play really steadily, as Miss Wade did all through, was good enough to win; last year, and at the Scottish, only brilliance was good enough.

Miss Wade must not think for a moment that this is written in disparagement of her win or her golf. It is a wonderful achievement to win a championship after only five years at the game, and to win it, moreover, from players who were either seasoned themselves or had put out those who were. She has assimilated Whitcombe's teaching extraordinarily well. You may criticise her swing as artificial, and pick her sway to pieces, but the fact remains that she did not play nearly so many loose shots as other people—she had survived nineteen holes of the final before visiting a single bunker; that she took far fewer putts than anybody else; and that, temperamentally, she seems grandly equipped for this royal and ancient game. She has one very funny little peculiarity with the long shots: at the start of the address, when she stands stock still gazing at the ball, the first finger of the right hand points down the shaft. All at once it begins to move, slowly, like a delicate piece of mechanism suddenly wound up, and before the club begins to swing, that finger is grasping it firmly, like all the rest. I should love to watch a slow-motion film of Miss Wade's finger; it would be a fascinating sight.

Miss Mary Johnson's is a much more natural, robust sort of swing. I believe she is going to have some first-class lessons before long, the first she has ever had, and after that, let others beware.

NOW, I suppose, you want some sort of diary of the days. On Monday we gave a passing thought to Miss Wade because she had won by the biggest margin, 9 and 8, but her figures of 43 out were nothing special; Miss Dorothy Pearson, the holder, who seemed to be right back in form again, and Mrs. Clement were the best of the day, with 40 each out.

A certain excitement lingered about Miss Minoprio, her long, dark-blue trousers and her one club, but, frankly, we are all rather tired of that stunt and wish that if the lady really wants to win a championship she would set about it in the only way—with a whole set of clubs. She has such a beautiful swing with the one club that it seems throwing away chances not to give it some fellows. There was an excellent performance by Mrs. Sparrow, the Captain of Seacroft, in beating Miss Uhthoff; Miss Regnart showed herself a vastly improved player, but still could not beat Mrs. Clarke.

TUESDAY saw the last of Miss Minoprio; Miss Mary Johnson saw very firmly to that, and played beautifully to beat her by

(*Continued on page 142*)

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The "English" at Seacroft

By Eleanor E. Helme *(Continued from page 140)*

7 and 6, the same margin that Miss Wade dealt out; Miss Dorothy Pearson played better than ever, out in 36, the wind having dropped; Miss Jean Hamilton beat Miss Craddock Hartopp, who was one of the favourites; Miss Newell was hitting the ball huge distances; Mrs. Clarke, after a shaky start, had shown Miss Mary Peech that, vastly as she has come on, Mrs. Clarke would still be the senior partner when they represent Worplesdon together in London Foursomes.

It was Wednesday that the fun began early and lasted late. First, a splendid dog-fight of a match, in which Mrs. Clarke beat Miss Garnham, 2 and 1; Miss Wade winning by the same from Miss Newell; Mrs. Peppercorn finding Miss Pearson with a horrible disability to hole yard putts, and so putting her out on the last green, where Mrs. Clement also won a notable victory from the only other past English champion, Mrs. Guedalla, coming home in 35 to do it. In the afternoon the best match was Miss Wade's 2 and 1 win from Miss Mervyn Barton, who was playing really sound golf except for a few bad approach putts, and frightening Miss Wade, I rather fancy, more than anybody else did all the championship through. Mrs. Peppercorn went out to that great sticker, Miss Mabel Wragg, who putted like several demons rolled into one. Mrs. Newton by now was going strong and beginning to be fancied for top honours.

THE next morning it was the wind that was going strong; a real gale before the day was out, so that you could not hear what was said to you by your next-door neighbour in the crowd, and balls were liable to describe all sorts of queer routes in the air, and to blow backwards even on the ground after landing. Mrs. Newton seemed less all over the place than Mrs. Clarke, and so won 2 up; Miss Wade was very definitely more often in the centre of the course than Miss Hamilton; Mrs. Clement was too powerful for Miss Wragg, though the latter stuck bravely to her guns; Miss Mary Johnson was much too experienced for Miss Morgan, one of Hampshire's long young hitters.

It certainly was a wind and a half, and the semi-finalists must have been glad when the day was over and they the proud possessors of at least bronze medals. Miss Wade got home 2 and 1 from Mrs. Newton, and Miss Johnson a hole earlier from Mrs. Clement.

Miss Mary Johnson (Hornsea), the runner-up in the English Ladies' (Close) Golf Championship, who was beaten by Miss Wade by 4 and 3

THE weather was good for the final, enough breeze to be interesting but not disconcerting. Miss Johnson drew first blood, and then never another drop until seventeen holes later, when she had, in the interim, lunched five down. That was the story of the morning, Miss Wade much the more self-possessed, Miss Johnson doing to herself what can only be described by the good old English country word of "flummoxing," by laying herself a stymie at the fifth and so losing a hole which she ought, beyond doubt, to have won. Then, after lunch, a sudden whirlwind attack, that got back two holes and then died down again, only returning when all was virtually lost. It was a brave hang-on, a gallant dying effort, that two at the fourteenth, but Miss Wade was not to be shaken—all honour to her—and her four at the next gave her the Championship, 4 and 3.

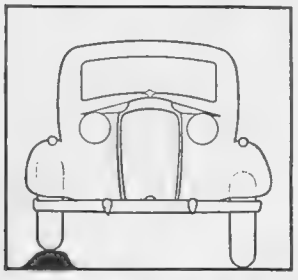
Yes, it was a good Championship so far as enjoyment went. Practically everybody loved Seacroft, and found Skegness most exhilarating. I am wondering if we couldn't call it "Northern" (it is actually as far north as Liverpool) and put in a humble request to go there for Northern Foursomes some day. If Seacroft would have us, there is no doubt it would be popular.

By the way, Ganton are most generously having us next year. When seen, make a note of, as the immortal somebody-or-other would say: first week in April 1935, BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes at Ganton.

And next week, all the gossip about Ranelagh and Roehampton.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

RIDING *is changed to* GLIDING *in the New* VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX



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Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Left: A. P. Steele-Perkins, the Skipper

Right: His Worship the Mayor of Falmouth, the President

Frank Rule

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Left: Len Martin, full-back

Right: "Snippy" Harris, the smallest scrum-half in the world

"Joe" Underwood (left) and John Smallwood

The two "Taffs." Above: "Taff" Barnes; and, below, "Taff" Roberts, the Vice-Captain

Fred Ockwell

J. H. Morris, Hon. Treasurer

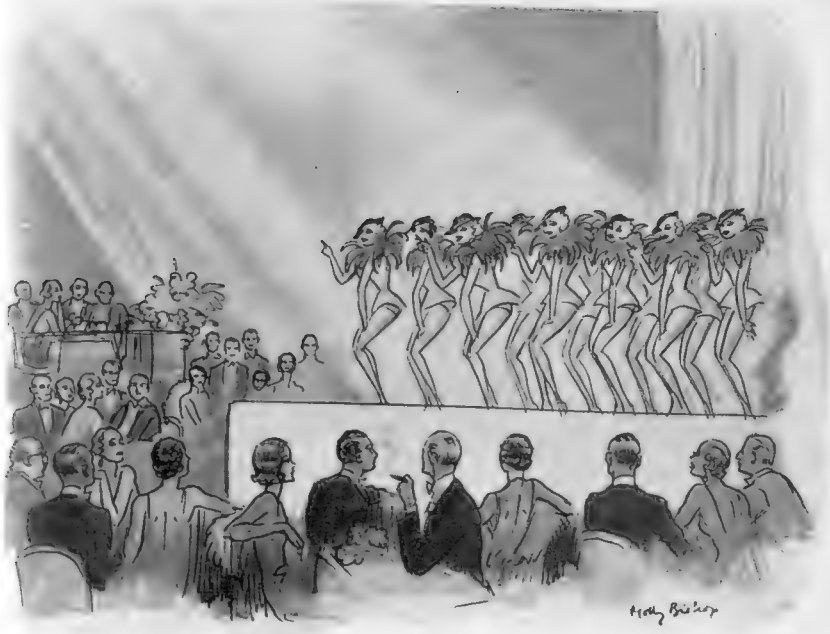
Right: "Old Bill" Strongman, Chairman of Selection Committee

Right: W. H. Ward, Honorary Secretary

LONDON NIGHTS

Dance, Dinner and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers



The Monte Carlo Follies

An impression by Molly Bishop of some of the sixteen blondes and brunettes whom Felix Ferry has brought from Monte Carlo to Grosvenor House and some of the crowd who saw them on their first evening

Grosvenor House

GREAT goings-on here for the opening night of the Monte Carlo Follies. The place was packed, and with all the people whose O.K. on a restaurant or a cabaret gives it a certain run for weeks ahead. At least half the *Jew Süss* première audience seemed to have gone on there, among a lot more.

And Felix Ferry has produced a grand show, just long enough, and taken at American speed. The sixteen girls are winners; three or four of them, at a safe guess, will create no little heart-havoc in London. One of them had sixteen proposals of marriage in Monte Carlo this season. The turns are good: eighteen-year-old Evelyn Dall sings with unsophisticated sophistication; the red-headed Robinson twins dance well, and Barto and Mann, one five foot, and the other six-foot-six, bring the house down with their acrobatic fooling.

Whoever planned the reconstruction and re-decoration of the restaurant itself may receive congratulations. The silver walls—dull silver leaf, silvered mirrors, and oyster hangings—the touches of pale amber, the floor on two levels, the clever lighting, all produce an effect that is entirely new and entirely satisfactory.

The Dorchester

HERE, too, a big crowd turned out to welcome "Les Girls," Batch No. 4, whom Clifford Whitley collected during his 30,000-miles search for beauty. Earle Dawn, Beverley Brittain, and a few more were here before; the new importations are as "blonde-baby-ish" as ever, and they all look as if they were really amused, with themselves as well as London, which is one of their chief charms. Wanda Allen dances delightfully (she was here before); Patsy O'Neill sings hot numbers huskily; Ken Harvey plays his banjo with skill, and makes train noises on it that Reginald Gardner might envy. And Naunton Wayne still compères, hurrying along from *Streamline* to do it.

Cigalini may now have well over a thousand supper-eaters to look after any night of the week. The restaurant has been enlarged by the removal of some pillars and the inclusion of what was a sort of ante-room, so it 's now one of the biggest, as it has always been one of the best-proportioned, assembly rooms in London. Sound-proof shutters can be put up at short notice to reduce it to its original size and at the same time to provide accommodation for private parties.

Magic at the Dorchester

Naunton Wayne, dressed up as a rajah, helps (or hinders) Norman Frescott and Bébé Stanton in their mind-reading and horoscope turn

Sketches by Rouson

The Carlton Restaurant

Dinner time at the Carlton, when the orchestra plays quietly in front of the golden grotto, with its crystal fountain

"A sparkling affair"—DAILY MIRROR, OCT. 3rd, 1934

at The Dorchester

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BEBE STANTON
KEN HARVEY
PATSY O'NEILL
ELSA MACFARLANE
NAUNTON WAYNE
& "LES GIRLS"
(OLD & NEW)

JACK JACKSON & HIS BAND

MANAGING DIRECTOR · · FRANCIS TOWLE

To go to the Dorchester is always to have an evening out in the grand style; one would feel as out of place here in a black tie or a second-best dress as a tail-coat or a tiara would be at the Café Royal.

The Carlton

THE Carlton is obviously going to be the place to have supper at on Tuesday nights this winter. Tuesday isn't crammed up with extension nights, as Wednesday and Thursday are, so the Carlton are very wisely making that evening their own, with a special band (Van Straten's) and a special cabaret, the latter different each week.

The opening event last week was a great success, and the famous rose-and-gold restaurant was very full. Ratcliffe and Rogers, an amusing pair of coloured entertainers, made their first appearance in London, and later on Stanley Holloway came in and sang his song about Ann Boleyn ("With 'Er 'Ead Tooked Oonderneath 'Er Arm") and a sequel to the classic "Albert and the Lion."

So much for Tuesdays. Other nights of the week Tapponier's band plays, and the large dance floor, being somewhat less crowded, is perfect for the people who really do like dancing. The food, both in the restaurant and the grill, has been talked of for years. Most knowledgeable visitors from abroad go there to eat. Pratesi, of the courtly manner, is equally well known; he is a great figure in the restaurant world.

Bon Viveur Club

THIS is an attractive little place, and it 's no surprise to learn that there are over eleven hundred members. Plenty has been said about the décor, which is ultra-French, with a kiosk and a Route Nationale sign-post that announces gaily that Juan les Pins is only three kilomètres away. What can't be over-emphasised is that one's French gourmet friends can be taken here with confidence. The food is excellent. Try the local omelette (always a sure test of good cooking), and then you 'll know you can order anything without mistrust.

People who may often be seen here eating with pleasure include the Weymouths, Thelma, Lady Furness, Lord Eldon, and Gladys Cooper, a frequent luncher. The Marquis de Casa Maury comes round from the Curzon Cinema (about ten yards away) and uses the Club impartially for business lunches and the gayer sort of party that follows a film première.

One can dance in the evening, including Sundays, to a good but unobtrusive band of typically French composition—accordion, violin, guitar.

M. Davico is organising the Club's second birthday-party at Grosvenor House on October 31st. Last year over three hundred people went to the party; this year he expects more. The cabaret will be a specially-arranged one, of which the details are not yet for publication.

The Café de la Paix

THE Café de la Paix didn't have an opening night, for the excellent reason that it wasn't attacked by the August sleeping sickness that overcomes so much of the West End. However, these early October days have given it the same fresh, expectant air as adorns its newly-awakened brothers.

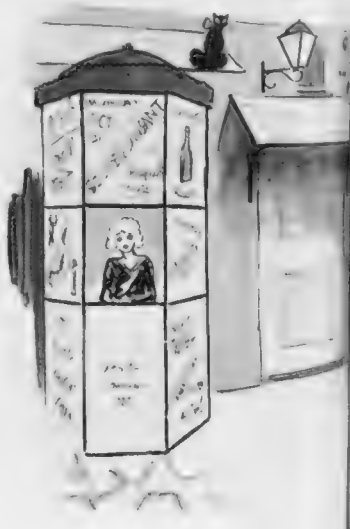
Dare Lea and his band are back here for "le dancing," plus José Norman and some Cuban music-

The Blu

A view of Sovrani's yellow-and-gol its long, narrow dance-floor, and th

The Theatre

London's newest lunch, dinner and The glass roof lets in real daylight.



The Bon

A corner of the little Club in Shepherd to décor. In the musicians' gallery

Train

restaurant in Stratton Street, with corner where the band is ensconced

Restaurant

supper rendezvous; it 's in the Strand. Ricci, late of the Savoy, is in charge

Viveur

Market, which is all French as are the band who play for dancing

makers who play in the grill downstairs but make sallies, during the evening, into the restaurant. You can dance in day clothes, but also in evening clothes, which is convenient.

Ronald Frankau appears at midnight; he 's always very popular, but he sings so fast that it 's a test of quick wits to get the innumerable double entendres of his songs.

Joseph, from Romano's and the Hungaria at Maidenhead, is now in charge of the grill, which is as good a place for lunch as the restaurant, and as moderately priced.

If Bruni or Louis (incidentally, two of the most hospitable restaurateurs in London) suggest a visit to the kitchen, go and see it. It 's beautifully neat and clean, and the refrigerator is of a stupendous size, like a vast wardrobe.

The Theatre Restaurant

HERE 's a surprise—Jermyn Street in the Strand. Behind the chromium-plated façade (between the Adelphi and the Vaudeville) you find a long, narrow room, decorated in sunshine yellow, very light and cool, where you may eat as good and perfectly served food as you could want. Ricci is in charge; he came straight here from the Savoy, where he had been for seven years as head-waiter. He has also been at Claridges', and was with Sovrani when the latter was in Jermyn Street; he says it was from Sovrani he learnt his restaurateur's technique.

The chef is evidently a master. He was at Chez Taglioni at one time, and before he came to London was with one of the leading families of Rome. The cellar is a notable one, with specialities in the shape of Bordeaux wines, Burgundies, a Napoleon brandy, and some anachronistic vodka.

This is definitely a place to have in mind, for lunch if you are in the Strand direction, for dinner before theatres or *Jew Süss*, and for supper afterwards, the supper dishes (haddock the basis of several of them) being particularly well thought out. Prices, by the way, are moderate.

Rizzo, of Oddenino's

Rizzo is the restaurant manager at Oddenino's. He has worked for fifteen years under the genial eye of Biry (with the cigar), the general manager

Tuesday Nights at the Carlton

SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE CABARET and DANCE BAND IN THE RESTAURANT

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Full .. .. 12 guineas
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The Silver Grill, Maidstone

The excellently designed exterior of the Silver Grill, Ashford Road, Maidstone, where motorists can eat just as well as they can in London

Oddenino's

THERE has n't been an opening night at Oddenino's, either. It does a good trade during the long August days; most of the visitors to London come wandering in to see what a typical metropolitan Bohemia is like and hoping to set eyes on a celebrity or two. Then they wander back home again, and the celebrities—thirsty as only a celebrity is when he 's been separated for a few weeks from his habitual drinking-ground—hurry back to their accustomed places in the brasserie, fill their pipes, and the air with smoke therefrom, and Oddenino's is itself again. Biry has put a new carpet down; otherwise there are no changes (yet). The band plays for dancing every evening in the restaurant, and one can lunch extremely well there or in the brasserie. But it 's the brasserie in the evenings that gives Oddenino's its particular character.

The Blue Train

TALKING of Tuesday extension nights, the Blue Train also stays up late on this particular evening of the week, and had a big gathering under its roof last Tuesday. A lot of the regular restaurant faces were to be seen—Lady Ashley, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Peter Thursby, Sir Anthony Weldon among these. Lady Cunard, Miss Olga Lynn, the Carnarvons, and Johnnie (" Tarzan ") Weissmuller and his attractive wife are a few more names picked at random from around the room.

Billy Gerhardi's band is still playing in the restaurant, and there 's another band in the grill, which is now entirely separate. At lunch time there are as many shining cars parked in Stratton Street as there are behind the windows of the motor shops in the district.

The Silver Grill, Maidstone

THERE 's sense in including the Silver Grill, forty-odd miles out of London, in an article called " London Nights." It 's mainly for the London motorist that such a place caters, whether he 's on his way to France or the South Coast, or whether he 's just got air hunger and wants to eat a meal in the country.

And then, the Silver Grill is entirely a product of London: as to décor, which is excellent; as to service; and as to its really high standard of food. The staff are well-paid and have all had West End restaurant experience.

Oysters and caviare head the menu. What comes from the grill is, naturally, of the best, and a crêpe Suzette will be made in front of you if you decide that 's what you want to complete your dinner.

FINALLY, a word about coffee. Austria is most people's favourite country at the moment: to drink Viennese coffee is to be in the fashion, and is also to enjoy one's coffee a hundred per cent. The only real Viennese coffee sold in England (it 's also roasted, blended, and packed over here) is Blue Danube coffee; the blending is done according to all the ancient Viennese rules, including the one learnt from the Turks, which orders a handful of roasted fruits to be added to give the coffee its special subtle flavour. The Austrians themselves think so much of Blue Danube coffee that they chose it to be served at their National Exhibition in London.

Joseph, late of Romano's, is now in charge of the Windsor Grill at the Café de la Paix.

Pintail Sherry maturing for shipment in a Bodega at Jerez, Spain.

Pintail

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Dinner • Music, DARE LEA'S BAND
JOSE NORMAN & HIS CUBAN BAND
Supper • Cabaret, RONALD FRANKAU nightly

For the convenience of our lady patrons—
TIM PALMER, Britain's Champion Ballroom Dancer.

To Welcome You— The Evergreen GIOVANNI BRUNI.
JULIO TRAPANI (Late Romano's and Hotel de Paris, Bray).
JOSEPH SEGALINI (Late Romano's). LOUIS (Late Ciro's).

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Oddenino's — as old in memory as Eros, as new in thought as the day— with its new Restaurant and new Cafe-bar and modern Hotel offers visitors many pleasures — not the least being the dancing in the Restaurant after 8.30 each night including Sundays. And remember, there is an extension of license every Thursday till 2.0 a.m.

Single Room 12/6
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Suite of Rooms from 30/-

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...and the Substance
of Perfection
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NAVY CUT
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MEDIUM
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 20 FOR 11½D 50 FOR 2/5
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The Vultee Transport, described as the world's fastest air-liner, one of which is an American entry for the MacRobertson Trophy Race. It cruises at 215 miles an hour, and is a ten-seater

Mildenhall to Melbourne

By Charles Ward

From complete obscurity Mildenhall becomes, for a week, the centre of the flying world. The secret of its sudden rise to fame lies in the fact that its land is very flat and very open. The R.A.F. has chosen it for one of the new stations in the Home Defence scheme. Londoners who want to see the start of the race will have to wake early, for the first 'plane is due to leave for Australia at 6.30 a.m., to be followed in rapid succession by the remainder, all of which should be on their way by 8 o'clock. Most of the spectators will have arrived on Friday, leaving a few to motor through the night and sleep in their cars near by, for Mildenhall is only a village, and all accommodation for miles around is already booked. The Royal Aero Club has its headquarters on the aerodrome, with representatives of the manufacturers and competitors. The College of Aeronautical Engineering has supplied the white-coated marshals from amongst its students. The A.A. and many members of the flying clubs are on duty during the week in order to assist in a multitude of jobs that remain to be completed before everything is buttoned up for the start. It would be fun to make a forecast of the result, but without a starting-list this is impossible. Good luck to the "Comets" and to Stack in the speed race—also to Melrose, the young Australian who flew over in record time for the event, in that for the handicap prize.

Australian Race Week

THE last-minute arrangements of most competitors for the MacRobertson Trophy are shrouded in mystery. Ten days before the race is due to commence, no one knows exactly how many of the sixty-four entries will face the starter. There have been many disappointments. Kingsford-Smith, of whom much was expected, could not prepare his American racer in time. Three Airspeed "Couriers" have been withdrawn, though the new A.S.8 to be flown by Neville Stack is a certain starter and might easily take a high place. The "Comet," our principal hope, is not only fast, with a top speed of 235 m.p.h., but clears the tapes with 120 feet to spare, practically double the height required by the regulations. At the time of writing, the Mollisons had flown their "Comet" and were reported as delighted with its performance, which is easily ahead of anything designed in this country, either for military or racing purposes. Seats for two, fuel for 2500 miles, a speed of 235, all with 450 horse-power, is amazing. The absence of many American entries is greatly regretted over here. It would have been specially interesting to watch the stratospheric progress of Wiley Post. The Vultee Transport, illustrated on this page, was due to fly the Atlantic last week, in order to be on parade for preliminary inspections and tests which were due to start at Mildenhall on Sunday. And where is Mildenhall? Apparently a little Suffolk village, not very far from Cambridge, Newmarket, Thetford, the latter a famous aerodrome during the war, near which the first tanks were developed.

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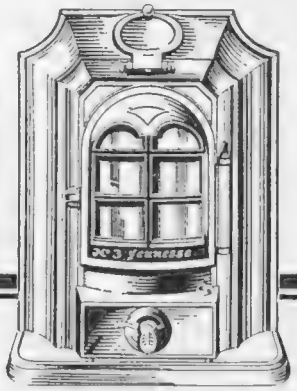

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THIS SEASON'S BIG EVENT

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: September Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application. A challenge Cup is held annually by the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Lister	Huddersfield	86	16	70	77	7 below
Mrs. E. M. Rhodes	Harrogate	75	7	68	74	6 "
Mrs. H. M. Wardrop	West Middlesex	81	13	68	74	6 "
Mrs. H. Cawthron	Ashton-under-Lyne	84	18	66	72	6 "
Miss G. Evans	West Bowling	71	5	66	71	5 "
Miss M. E. Wann	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	85	14	71	76	5 "
Miss M. Barraclough	Oakdale	86	15	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Hornet	West Bradford	81	15	66	71	5 "
Lady Vestey	Woodcote Park	87	17	70	75	5 "
Mrs. A. Binns	West Bowling	83	17	66	71	5 "
Mrs. J. Bailey	Northampton	88	18	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Lennard	Royal Blackheath	87	18	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Musgrave	West Bradford	84	18	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Mathieson	Wollaton Park	75	5	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Norman McCalg	Wallasey	79	8	71	75	4 "
Mrs. B. Shaw	Huddersfield	86	13	73	77	4 "
Miss M. E. Watts	Pyecombe	77	13	64	68	4 "
Miss T. Brown	Thonock	83	15	68	72	4 "
Miss M. Taylor	Beverley	84	16	68	72	4 "
Miss M. Greenwood	Wilpshire	88	17	71	75	4 "
Mrs. J. O. Fane	North Hants	79	7	72	75	3 "
Miss E. Cunninghame	Tandridge	79	8	71	74	3 "
Mrs. Langton	North Hants	82	10	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Manisty	Camberley Heath	83	11	72	75	3 "
Miss P. Handley	Huddersfield	86	12	74	77	3 "
Hon. Mrs. Brabazon	Woking	84	12	72	75	3 "
Miss F. N. Eden	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	86	13	73	76	3 "
Miss D. Ringer	Leamington & County	84	13	71	74	3 "
Mrs. C. A. Clark	Shirley Park	89	17	72	75	3 "
Mrs. Metcalf	Sherwood Forest	91	18	73	76	3 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss B. Poncia	Leamington & County	95	36	59	74	15 below
Miss C. Fairclough	Helsby	89	36	53	68	15 "
Miss I. S. Hewson	Walsall	98	36	62	76	14 "
Mrs. G. M. Case	Halesowen	96	36	60	74	14 "
Mrs. C. M. Turner	Woking	88	24	64	77	13 "
Mrs. Whitehead	Goodwood	91	29	62	74	12 "
Mrs. Martindale	Wollaton Park	92	29	63	74	11 "
Mrs. A. Lawrence	Walsall	96	31	65	76	11 "
Miss Duckering	Beverley	97	35	62	72	10 "
Miss M. E. Bellhouse	Mullion	83	21	62	71	9 "
Mrs. B. Smith	Reddish Vale	101	36	65	74	9 "
Mrs. C. E. Mander	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	88	21	67	76	8 "

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss H. M. Ford	Tamworth	98	33	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Featherstone	Woodcote Park	94	26	68	75	7 "
Miss E. Schofield	Hillside	93	26	67	74	7 "
Mrs. M. Pawson	Cleethorpes	93	28	65	72	7 "
Miss E. Duddie	Tyneside	97	29	68	75	7 "
Miss D. M. Gray	Oakdale	105	30	69	76	7 "
Miss E. Brown	Cuddington	93	32	61	76	7 "
Mrs. F. B. Hill	Oakdale	91	21	70	76	6 "
Mrs. Gerald Meakin	Chevin	90	24	66	72	6 "
Miss E. G. Smyth	Bexhill	90	24	66	72	6 "
Miss B. Best	Cleethorpes	92	26	66	72	6 "
Mrs. A. W. McClure	Wanstead	98	29	69	75	6 "
Miss K. Garthwaite	Cleethorpes	96	30	66	72	6 "
Mrs. F. A. George	Tyneside	100	31	69	75	6 "
Miss Mary Heeley	Sutton Coldfield	102	33	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Hunstone	Bloxwich	100	33	67	73	6 "
Miss M. Sinclair	Cuddington	105	35	70	76	6 "
Mrs. M. Gatacre	Camberley Heath	105	36	69	75	6 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE THEATRE

Plays

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.—The Open-Air Theatre cast, plus Oscar Asche as the Emperor; also a Molière farce, *Love is the Best Doctor*: Winter Garden, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU DESIRE ME.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE LIFE THAT I GAVE HIM.—Nancy Price as Pirandello's mother, who doesn't believe in her son's death; Peggy Ashcroft as the girl: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. Last week.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—With Maurice Evans as the king: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

BY APPOINTMENT.—A light operetta about George IV. (Charles Mayhew); Maggie Teyte makes a come-back as Mrs. Fitzherbert: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—June, John Tilley and Douglas Byng all at their best in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 50.—(Third Year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Beryl Beresford, and Milne and West. Non-stop, 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast: Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Wyndham's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Charles Laughton as Mr. Barrett, Norma Shearer as Elizabeth Barrett, Fredric March as Browning, in a well worth seeing film: Empire.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK.—Ronald Colman, debonnair as ever, and Loretta Young: London Pavilion.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JEW SÜSS.—A great film superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli.

THE LIFE OF VIRGIE WINTERS.—Ann Harding and John Boles star in the film of Louis Bromfield's novel. *Wagon Wheels* has Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick in it: Plaza.

DR. MABUSE.—Fritz Lang's great hypnotist-villain reappears in a superbly produced thriller: Academy.

NELL GWYN.—Anna Neagle as Nell and Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II. in another and excellent historical film: Leicester Square.

MY OLD DUTCH.—Gordon Harker and Betty Balfour in an English low-life comedy: Capitol.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another and excellent singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE SLUMP IS OVER.—Albert Préjean and Danielle Darrieux in a gay and amusing film, with catchy music: Curzon.

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS.—A song, dance and laugh show on the big scale, with Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, and the Four Mills Brothers: Regal.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—An English version of the famous Continental film: New Gallery.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS—

FÊTE POLONAISE and GISELLE: To-night, 8.30.

MACBETH: Lawrance Collingwood conducts his own opera: October 17th, 7.45.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—October 18th, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: October 19th, 7.45.

LES RENDEZVOUS, THE JAR, and THE HAUNTED BALLROOM: October 20th, 2.30.

MACBETH: October 20th, 7.45.

MUSIC

Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—George Szell conducts the London Philharmonic in a Gabrielli Suite, a Mozart Serenade, and Haydn's Symphony No. 13: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts the London Philharmonic; Elgar's Cockayne Overture; Sibelius *The Tempest* music; Beethoven piano concerto No. 4 (Myra Hess): Queen's Hall, October 18th, 8.15.

LONDON SYMPHONY.—First concert of series; Harty conducts: Queen's Hall, October 22nd, 8.15.

Recitals

LAMOND.—Last two Beethoven Sonata recitals: Wigmore Hall, October 17th, 8.15; October 20th, 3.

RENATA BORGATTI.—Piano recital; only appearance this season: Æolian Hall, October 18th, 8.15.

GUILA BUSTABO.—Violin recital: Æolian Hall, October 19th, 8.15.

ALMA MOODIE and EDUARD ERDMANN.—Violin and piano recital, with a Mozart-Brahms-Schubert programme: Wigmore Hall, October 19th, 8.30.

LOTTE LEHMANN.—At the first Lieder Concert: Hyde Park Hotel, October 21st, 8.15.

JEANNE GAUTIER.—Violin recital: Æolian Hall, October 22nd, 8.15.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries, from October 11th.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW: Olympia, to October 20th.

CONTEMPORARY INDUSTRIES DESIGN: Dorland Hall, from October 18th.

(*Continued on page* C)

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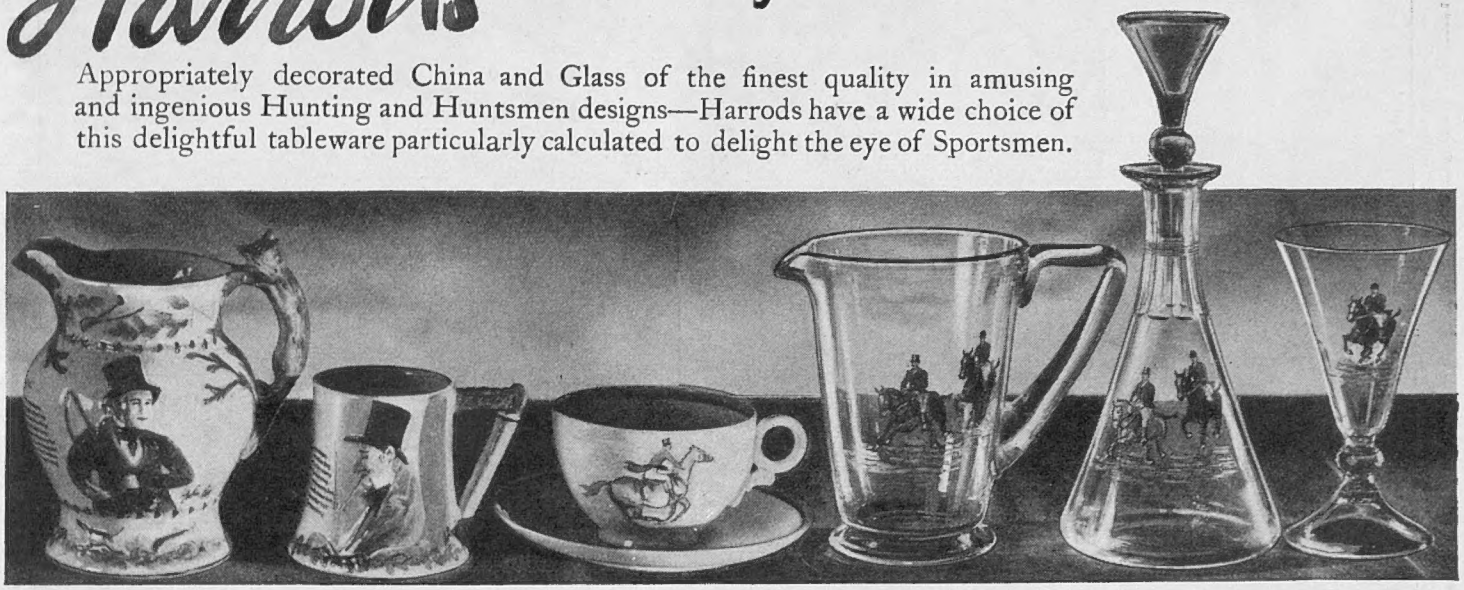

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Stuart Crystal Jug of unique shape with Amber shaded foot and decorated with hand-painted hunting scenes in colour. 2-pint capacity. **16/-**

Decante of Stuart Crystal enamelled with hunting scenes to match Jug. Amber shaded stopper designed to form sherry glass. **22/-**

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Goblets (each) **6/-**
Tumblers and Sherry glasses (each) 3/9

Harrods Ltd Knightsbridge SW1

What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Barker sing some songs; Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Yacht Club Boys are back in London, and are they popular? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular? extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

CARLTON.—Special cabaret and dance band every Tuesday (extension); dancing other nights to Tapponier's band.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight; extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

QUAGLINO'S.—Lolita Benavente does her Spanish dances; Van Straten and his band play: extension, Thursday.

SILVER GRILL, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters, and service.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

SPORT

FLYING: England to Australia Air Race, October 20th.

GOLF: Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, October 15th—19th.

TENNIS: Covered Court Championships; Queen's, October 15th—20th, 22nd-23rd.

RACING: Newmarket, Second October Meeting: October 16th—18th. Cesarewitch, October 17th.

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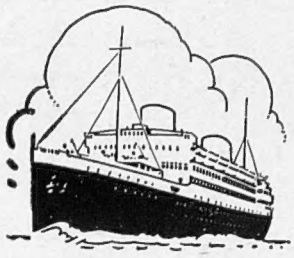

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